YOU CAN SEND THIS MAGAZINE POST FREE TO THE TROOPS (See page 428)

e September

ROYAL

6D. NET

Contributions by
MABEL FUNSTON.
JESSIE POPE.
T. C. BRIDGES.
W. PETT RIDGE.
Wm LE QUEUX.
ARNOLD WHITE.
Etc.

A shave, sir, that will surprise you. The keen-edged blade, adjusted to the perfect position, takes the beard off like magic No scraping, no forcing — just one simple continued movement that leaves behind it a smooth skin freed from hair. It's the essence of luxury to use a "Clemak," and the truest economy to buy one.

CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

Get your dealer to show you the Clemak—compare its value—satisfy yourself as to its simplicity and economy. . . ENQUIRE TO-DAY.

Silver-plated Clemak Razor with stropping handle and **Seven** Blades **5/-**

Clemak Stropping Machine (as illustrated) complete with Velvet Hide Strop ... **4/6**

IDEAL FOR THE TRENCHES—

COMBINATION OUTFIT, containing Patent Automatic Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with **Clemak** and **Seven** Specially Selected Blades ... **10/6**

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c

or from the

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17 Billiter Street, London, E.C.

Write for the Clemak Book.

Sole Australasian Agents—W. Plant & Co., Sydney.

Digitized by Google

Photo *Elwin Neame,*

If you like bathing—and who doesn't?—turn to page 399, where Miss Mabel Funston, who acts so delightfully in *Mr. Manhattan*, gives her views on the subject, and poses in a charming series of water-nymph photographs.

Digitized by Google

Photo Elwin Neame.

Miss Funston likes to bathe in a leisurely fashion, with plenty of interludes for sun-baths at the water's edge.

Digitized by Google

HOW I LIKE TO BATHE

By Mabel Funston.

Sea-bathing is not always the joyous, exhilarating thing it should be, but, indulged in under the conditions described by Miss Mabel Funston, the popular young actress, life holds nothing more delightful. As the photographs—specially taken for the "Royal Magazine" by Elwin Neame—show, Miss Funston in bathing kit is fully as charming as in the marvellous frocks she wears in "Mr. Manhattan."

Crowded beaches do not appeal to Miss Funston, who prefers a quiet cove where she can be independent of bathing-machines.

I may as well tell you frankly that my idea of bathing is not the conventional one which includes a stuffy bathing machine, a hurried dip in the water, and a breathless scamper into one's clothes, punctuated by impatient thumps on the door and surly grunts of "Time's up!" Bathing is too beautiful a thing to be rushed through; it is a rite to be conducted in a spirit of leisurely

Digitized by Google

A secluded crevice amid the rocks makes a delightful dressing-room, especially when there is a lovely pool handy to act as a foot-bath.

appreciation amid peaceful and spacious surroundings.

Bathing from a beach strewn with holiday-making family parties does not appeal to me. Machines I detest, and a tent invariably involves an obstacle race round deck-chairs and over uproarious infants before one can even say "Good-morning!" to a wave. And at the risk of appearing selfish, I must own that I dislike bathing in water reminiscent of a Tube lift because of its crowded condition. If I must be jostled, I prefer to be jostled in Regent Street, where I am fully clothed and have a chance to look reprovingly dignified. Even Cleopatra couldn't have looked dignified in a bathing costume!

I've always had a good deal of sympathy with the lady who was staying at a fashionable hotel, and, summoning her French maid, said: "Look out of the window, Celeste, and see if anyone is using the ocean. If not, I should like to bathe." I'm not so exclusive as that, but, if I were a millionaire, I should like to have a private ocean or bathing-beach, or whatever it is millionaires do have, where I and my friends could bathe solidly all the morning, if so inclined, with intervals for sun-baths and refreshments.

A private beach being as yet unobtainable, the next best thing is a quiet cove such as one finds in abundance on the coast of Cornwall or Devonshire. There are no bathing-machines, no tents, but there are caves and, better still, rocks artfully disposed so as to make the most delightful dressing-rooms, complete with pools full of pink and green seaweed, to be used as foot-baths.

A cave may make a more secluded dressing-room, but it is a chilly place at best, and the roof has a treacherous habit of weeping salt tears on to one's cherished under-garments. So give me a crevice between the rocks, the sun overhead, the warm, dry sand underfoot, and a big Japanese sunshade to act as a screen in emergencies.

Some people of cautious

Digitized by Google

disposition may have qualms about leaving their wardrobe a prey to any passer-by with an instinct for loot. Personally, I have never lost so much as a hairpin, and my seaside outfit is far from repellent. I don't wear red flannel even in war-time; *crêpe-de-Chine* makes you feel so much more self-respecting! The only thing not to be trusted is the wind, wherefore I anchor my clothes firmly with a stone like an infant Gibraltar.

Once safely invested in my bathing costume—and, by the way, I hope you'll like it!—I don't lose much time in introducing myself to the ocean. Unlike some people who bathe, I don't mind getting wet—in fact, I like it. Yes, I *do* swim, and that's why my bathing suit is of the trim and unadorned variety, instead of one of the elaborate creations which are the heritage of musical comedy and Palm Beach.

Of course, my ideal bathing-beach has a rock which is exactly the right height to dive from. I believe a submarine can submerge in one minute, but about five seconds is enough for me; when it comes to staying under, however, the submarine wins, hands down. I wasn't meant to consort with jelly-fish, and I prefer to keep my head above water, thank you!

The only time I tried swimming under water, a portly gentleman happened to dive in on top of me, and created such a disturbance that I thought I had fouled a battleship, and should be hauled up before the Admiralty or the Board of Fisheries. It was only when we came to the surface and the gentleman let fly that I found it was not another naval disaster. The Navy is invariably *polite!*

But even I can't swim for ever, and when I'm tired of playing water-nymph—well, that's the time for a sun-bath. It's simply glorious to lie on the hot sand and pretend you're a turtle or a salamander or one of those dear, lazy creatures that dwell in the South Sea Islands, and never have to catch a motor-'bus in their lives. Then into the water again for another swim, and so on, your bathe spreading over the whole morning instead of being timed like a telephone call.

Miss Funston always includes a Japanese sunshade in her bathing kit, for it makes a splendid screen in moments of emergency.

Digitized by Google

Trim simplicity is the keynote of Miss Funston's bathing-costume, since her bathing is not of the "dabble on the edge and squeal" variety.

That's where the beauty of a quiet spot comes in. There are still some people who regard you as a moral leper if you sit about in a bathing-suit, and I love bathing so much that I hate it to be spoilt by acid comments from big-boned females in voluminous navy bathing-dresses that flap dismally about their ankles. I like to be able to sit under my Japanese sunshade and dream about all the beautiful things in the world and eat unlimited buns. No bear at the Zoo eats more buns than I do after a bathe.

The sad part of bathing is that sooner or later one has to relinquish the mermaid *rôle* and go forth booted and spurred for the fray. But a good rub down with a bath-towel—thoughtfully warmed by the sun—always revives my drooping spirits, and by the time I reach the petticoat stage I'm as merry as a sand-boy—or should I say sand-girl?

Only once has catastrophe overtaken me, and that was when I found a sprightly little crab in my shoe, and had to tow it along the beach by the shoe-lace until I met a small boy for whom its claws had no terror.

Of really thrilling adventures my bathing career has been singularly devoid. No handsome merman has ever had to risk his young life

Digitized by Google

on my behalf, for which I am unfeignedly thankful, for, modern fiction notwithstanding, it must be very difficult to look picturesque in a soaked and sodden condition. How the pictured heroines of seaside stories manage to emerge from the most distressing underwater adventures with immaculate coiffures, or hair streaming in glossy waves down their backs, has always been a mystery to me. Until I've solved it I'm not keen on playing leading lady in a life-saving act.

One unpleasant experience I have had which temporarily damped my enthusiasm for an *al fresco* dressing-room. We had been bathing merrily for over an hour and were just enjoying a final swim when it began to rain. There was nothing half-hearted about that shower, and by the time we had swum ashore and reached the spot consecrated to our clothes, they were a sodden heap. Even the towels were soaked, and if a gleam of sunshine hadn't appeared at that moment to raise our drooping spirits, we should probably have made things still more damp by bursting into tears.

As it was, we waited till the rain stopped and the sun awakened to a sense of its duty, spread our garments out to dry on the rocks, and capered off to continue our bathe. But we were too trustful. That sun had no staying power, and in less than half-an-hour it had vanished, and—then came the deluge! How many times our hopes of obtaining dry garments were raised only to be dashed to the ground by spiteful showers, I shouldn't like to say. One adventurous spirit suggested gathering driftwood and lighting a fire, but as we had no matches her suggestion was shouted down. To add to our trials hunger claimed us for its own, and we yearned for chicken and salad, while even an Army biscuit would have been hailed with joy.

We were just debating as to whether we should wait and dash home in our bathing-suits under cover of night, or astonish the coastguard into thinking we had spotted a German submarine by shouting in chorus, when the sun popped out again, this time permanently, and once more we turned the rocks into a drying ground.

It was tea-time and we were on the verge of starvation when at last we wriggled into our clothes and tottered homewards. A tame ending, wasn't it?

According to all traditions we ought to have been rescued by a dashing young naval officer, with a miraculous supply of oil-skins in which to envelop us, but somehow we weren't. Not so much as a brass button loomed in sight to console us. It was an all-girl caste from beginning to end.

Of course, this is only an isolated experience, and a small price to pay for all the many perfect bathes I've had. Besides, if you are a person with foresight, and have reason to distrust the weather, you can always arm yourself with a waterproof in which to envelop your wardrobe while you are bathing.

Personally, I must confess that my enthusiasm for bathing suffers a partial eclipse if the sun is in a niggardly mood. I am not of that hardy breed who argue that as you're wet anyhow the rain can make

ideal bathing-beach has a rock exactly the right height for diving, and Miss Funston works that rock hard, for she is a most energetic mermaid.

Digitized by Google

little difference. It damps my spirits as effectually as it does my hair, and turns me from a water-sprite into a shivering and depressed young person.

But, after all, we do get some gorgeous hot days even in England, days when there's nothing more blissful than to get out of one's garments and decorate the landscape in a becoming bathing-dress. That is the time when you feel at peace with all the world, and yearn to found a home for destitute children or do something really noble and worthy of a person privileged to dwell in a land which provides unlimited sea for the convenience of our Navy and the enjoyment of holiday-making maidens. Observe the graceful way in which I give precedence to the Navy, for at present the sea is, first and foremost, a battleground, and only a playground in its spare time, so to speak.

I often feel that we don't appreciate the sea as much as we ought to, which is probably because from our infant days we have tasted of its joys with almost clockwork regularity. In the spade and pail era we should have been furious had we been deprived of our annual seaside holiday, and by the time we reach years of discretion we rather take it as a right and not a privilege that the sea is so easily accessible.

Do I approve of mixed bathing? Of course I do! Men are a great safeguard, and are so nice and firm to hang on to if it's rough. The more the merrier, both girls and men, so long as they're congenial spirits and there's plenty of space—what I don't like is a seething mass of strange humanity churning up the water and emitting squeals that carry across the Channel.

After all, one gets plenty of overcrowding in London without continuing the performance at the seaside.

Even a sun-bath can't last for ever, and sooner or later towel-drill has to take its place, and another glorious bathe is over.

Digitized by Google

COMMUNICATIONS CUT

By W. Pett Ridge.

"And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Miss Humphries found the card amongst a bundle of correspondence in her hand-bag, and passed it across the gangway of the omnibus to her two girl colleagues. When they had glanced at the card she snatched it from them.

"Nice way to treat a sweetheart, isn't it?" she demanded bitterly. "Everything crossed out except 'I'm quite well' and 'Letter follows at first opportunity.' I'll first opportunity him," she added. "Hitherto he has had the good taste to write a letter and put it in an envelope; now it has seemingly come down to postcards."

"Perhaps he was busy fighting."

"A corporal can always find time if he wants to. And, for the matter of that, I'm busy, too, but I shall manage somehow to send him a stinging note to-night, and put a stamp on it, and drop it in the pillar-box."

"What about thinking it over and seeing how you feel to-morrow morning?" suggested one of the friends.

"Kindly mind your own business," ordered Miss Humphries.

In Junction Road she alighted, and gave a reprimand to the conductor because he assisted by placing his hand below her elbow. Miss Humphries heard the conductor remark to inside passengers that experience enabled him to say that the best-looking girls often had the worst possible tempers. Slightly mollified by this dubious compliment she walked briskly in the direction of her aunt's house in Tufnell Park; once she stopped to find amongst her documents a photograph of a young man in military uniform, signed "Chas. Edmonds." Miss Humphries was about to adopt her usual procedure of kissing this, but arrested the action.

Her aunt admitted that the house possessed note-paper and envelopes, but was not certain in regard to ink. The aunt hoped that Madge had not endured a trying day in Great Portland Street.

"If I have much more to put up with," asserted the niece recklessly, "I shall simply go clean out of my mind."

"Great thing is," recommended the other, with deference, "to be very careful how you answer people back."

"I'm careful enough about that," said Miss Humphries. "I can stand up for myself. If anyone imagines that they are going to treat me in an off-hand way they'll jolly soon find out their mistake."

"You'll be better tempered after you've had your supper."

The girl derided this hopeful anticipation, but all the same, there was truth in the aunt's prophecy, and at the stage of damson-pie that had the assistance of cream, Miss Humphries confessed she had that day forgotten about lunch, and pleaded in excuse that mental worry often interfered with the appetite. The meal over, she moved back a corner of the tablecloth, sharpened a lead pencil, and began to write.

My Dear Charles,

I am glad to find from the printed words on your card that you are in good health. Pray do not trouble to sit down and write me a long letter unless you feel disposed to do so. Of course, I am well aware that a girl like myself counts for very little in the estimation of you men, especially when you have other matters to think about. Nevertheless, I consider it my duty to be quite frank with you, and to say clearly that unless it is worth your while to take a little more trouble——

A summons came at the front door.

"It's all right, dear," said the aunt. "I'll

answer it. Only the grocer's boy, I expect, and I shall tell him he has no business to come with a knock like that."

Miss Humphries went on:

—Take a little more trouble over me, then I most certainly shall cease taking trouble over you. It is not because there is anyone else, because there is not, but I tell you candidly——

"Madge!" called her aunt in a quiet voice. "Come here, my dear. Someone's called with news. Try to be a brave child, and don't give way more than you can help."

Ten minutes later the two were in the sitting-room again; the aunt was patting the girl's arm and urging the remedial effects of a good cry. Miss Humphries did not accept the advice, but gazed at the fireplace. The aunt presently lit the fire, remarking that the evenings were growing chilly; she announced her intention of making some fresh tea. When the aunt had gone, Miss Humphries took the sheet of paper with its pencilled lines, tore it slowly into several fragments, and dropped them on the fire.

"And, of course," said her aunt, returning with an air of determined cheerfulness, "the word 'missing' doesn't mean anything. This chap from the same regiment, home on leave, tells his sister that Corporal Edmonds is missing, and she very kindly pops round here to bring the information, but likely enough there's nothing in it. A muddle up of names, perhaps. Might be really Edwards, or Edgar, or something like that."

"Something in my bones," sighed Miss Humphries, "tells me the information is correct. I shall never see Charles again."

"Don't you flatter yourself. You haven't done with your corporal yet, mark my words!"

"I'd give every penny I've got in the world to see him just once again."

The other coughed in a non-committal way.

"It's the truth," declared the girl.

"That wasn't exactly what you were writing to him just now, was it?"

A sharp argument ensued. The aunt asserted that she was the last person in the world to look over the shoulder of anybody engaged in writing a letter, but she did admit that, in leaving the room to attend to the caller, her eyes strayed by pure accident to the sheet of paper, and she thus gained the trend of the communication.

The discussion over, Miss Humphries suddenly burst into tears, describing herself as the most unhappy girl in the entire universe, and one, moreover, who in consequence of sheer stupidity would have to bear throughout her life the reproach that she had thought disparagingly of the best and bravest man that ever existed, the truest sweetheart any girl could wish to own. The aunt pointed out, very truly, that the letter which was being drafted had not been sent. Miss Humphries declined to reduce the blame she gave to herself.

"And how about his poor mother?" she cried suddenly.

She put on hat and coat at once and left the house.

The mother of Corporal Edmonds was at the doorway in Kentish Town, and acknowledged that she had heard the news, but declared herself in no way disturbed. Charles, at her urgent request, had taken the precaution before going out to the Front of having his fortune told by an elderly lady; Mrs. Edmonds reckoned it sixpence well paid out, and thought the police had been somewhat fussy in checking the old woman from continuing to practise her useful and lucrative art.

The prophetess had said with great decision that, so far as the cards assisted her, Charles Edmonds would return safely to England, the possessor of an honourable medal, and that his own true love would be waiting at the station. Mrs. Edmonds was surprised to find that Miss Humphries put little faith in anticipations of the kind, however well paid for, and no matter how responsible the quarter from which they came.

"He was a dear good chap," said the girl, changing the subject.

"Is, you mean."

"I shall never care for anyone else as I cared for him."

"He'd kick up a tidy old row," said Corporal Edmonds' mother, "if you did. Charles isn't the one to stand any nonsense. You haven't known him so long as I have."

"I can't help thinking, Mrs. Edmonds, that you are not taking this to heart as you ought to do."

"When my boy writes home," said the other, "and admits that he's done for, then I shall take it to heart as much as anyone can."

"My idea in calling round was to mingle my tears with yours."

"Sorry," said Mrs. Edmonds, "but I'm going to wait a bit before I do any mingling."

On the next morning, at the point in the main road where the Twenty-seven omnibus could be hailed, were her two colleagues, who at once set upon the task of remedying the maladroitness of their conversation of the previous night. They apologised in duet for want of sympathy exhibited, and said—with the deference proper towards one senior to them in the establishment—that Miss Humphries undoubtedly knew best. If they

The aunt was patting the girl's arm and urging the remedial effects of a good cry. Miss Humphries did not accept the advice, but gazed at the fireplace.

had been treated as she had been treated, then they would most certainly have taken it as she took it. The two had no sort of doubt in their minds that the soldier friend of Miss Humphries, in sending a mere postcard in lieu of a more extended communication, intended to show a positive disregard for——

"If he wished to send a card," interrupted Miss Humphries defiantly, "he was perfectly justified in doing so."

The others exchanged glances of astonishment.

Little Mr. Maxwell, in the cutlery department, challenged her during the morning to declare that she had no trouble on her mind, and she told him of the disturbing information that had been brought. The two had in earlier times, before the war, been to Kew Gardens together for tea on a Sunday; once they had gone, in company, to the play, but Miss Humphries met Corporal Edmonds, and Mr. Maxwell encountered a young woman who was assisting with Red Cross work, and, without any tragic scene or embarrassing explanation, the friendship had been allowed to diminish.

It said something for the gentleman of the cutlery department that he listened now with proper attention. He was sure the Corporal merited all the enthusiastic praise that Miss

Humphries gave. He agreed with her—whilst hoping for the best—that the worst had to be feared. He accepted the statement that Corporal Edmonds had ever been a kind, thoughtful, and most considerate sweetheart.

"Try to bear up," said little Mr. Maxwell, "and remember that you are suffering for the sake of your country."

"Seems so hard that he should be taken, and others—not nearly so valuable—should be left."

Mr. Maxwell spoke of the inscrutable workings of Providence.

"Charles was really very wonderful. If you were to read the letters he sent home to me—"

Mr. Maxwell declared that he envied the men who were tall enough and strong enough to fight for their country. He mentioned some cases which had come under the notice of a lady friend of his, now actively engaged in one of the hospitals.

"Just look at this one," urged Miss Humphries, finding her budget and making a selection. "Read all but the end."

"Well-expressed," he decided, as the owner took back the note and restored it to its place. "Finely-chosen phrases. Good descriptive powers. If I were you, I should be inclined to keep them all my life. May I ask if his last note hinted at any premonition, so to speak?"

"Not a word. He just said, in the nicest possible manner, that he was feeling in very good health, and hoped I was the same, and asked to be remembered to aunt, and said I was never absent from his thoughts, and—you know—all the usual bits that a young gentleman writes to the lady he's engaged to. And he went on to say, on the card, that he was looking forward to the pleasure of sitting down later on, and sending me a good, long communication, and he sincerely hoped it wouldn't be long before he found himself able to do so, and that now he must stop, because the Jack Johnsons were waking up. And to think"—Miss Humphries found her handkerchief after this effort—"that I shall never hear from him again!"

"People can argue as they like," contended little Mr. Maxwell, genuinely touched by the girl's despair, "but my view is that war is no joke. Come round to my place this evening and have a long talk with my sister. It may do you good."

Miss Maxwell proved as sympathetic as her brother, and even more considerate. You heard a lot about all that the soldiers had to go through; in the opinion of Miss Maxwell, medals ought to be conferred also on the womenfolk who endured silently.

Little Mr. Maxwell came in as the two were becoming tearfully confidential, and asked for something in the nature of a warm beverage; he had been waiting outside the hospital gates for his nurse friend, and was under the impression that he had caught a slight chill. The young women became busy at once, ministering to his requirements, and Miss Humphries mentioned that, in the whole course of her varied experiences, she had never kept any gentleman waiting for more than five minutes. Poor Charles had, indeed, often expressed wonder and admiration in regard to her high standard of punctuality. Whilst the sister was out of the room, finding nutmeg, conversation went to the subject of a trip to Kew, and a notable evening at the theatre.

"I wonder," he said presently, "whether—fate plays funny tricks—whether it's mapped out that you and I are to be brought together again?"

"Don't talk like that," she begged, with a shiver.

"The idea just fluttered casually through my mind."

"It had better flutter out again as soon as it possibly can."

It was near to what was known then as Zeppelin time when the visitor left. Mr. Maxwell, despite his fear of a cold, insisted upon seeing her into a tram-car, and in taking his leave pressed her hand warmly.

The behaviour of the nurse towards Mr. Maxwell later excited the gravest displeasure on the part of his sister and of Miss Humphries. The two agreed that sudden increase of work at the hospital might excuse much, but it certainly did not pardon the extremely casual reference in the note to the indisposition which was keeping Mr. Maxwell away from business.

Miss Humphries declared that, if this could be called love, then it only meant that she herself had taken an extravagant estimate of love. Why, if poor, dear Charles had ever in his lifetime suffered as Mr. Maxwell was suffering—scarcely able to speak and sneezing every other minute—then she would have felt it her duty to reject every claim upon her time, and assist his people in restoring him to convalescence. And talking of Charles Edmonds reminded her that it was some days now since she had called upon his mother.

Mrs. Edmonds welcomed the girl cheerfully and cordially. No definite news had come of Charles yet, but, in her opinion, no news was good news, and any post might bring reassuring information.

"I think you must be mad," cried Miss

"I wonder," he said presently, "whether . . . . it's mapped out that you and I are to be brought together again?" "Don't talk like that," she begged, with a shiver.

Humphries, "to go on hoping against hope in this way."

"Everyone's more or less dotty," said Corporal Edmonds' mother equably.

"If I thought there was the smallest reason for expecting the dear chap was alive, I should only be too thankful. But I'm certain there isn't."

"What I'm certain about is that you have no grounds for being certain."

"Time will show," asserted the girl.

Time did show in less than three minutes. The postman's double knock was heard coming down the road, and Mrs. Edmonds said, "Bet you a halfpenny he's coming here." The double knock resounded on the door, and Mrs. Edmonds, leaving the girl, said, increasing the amount of her wager: "Bet you a penny it's from him."

The letter was indeed from Corporal Edmonds (later, Miss Humphries reprimanded herself for not having the presence of mind to faint), and the two read it together. Inclosed was a pass for two to enter the hospital on Sundays and Wednesdays. "I want to see you, mother dear," said the note, "more than anybody, but you might bring Madge along with you. I have something special to tell her. There is a nurse here who knows her by name."

"It's a great relief," admitted Miss Humphries, "but the trouble isn't over yet. I'll be bound that nurse of Mr. Maxwell's has fallen in love with Charles. Any girl would!"

Miss Humphries foresaw complications, and saw them clearly, and—it may be added at once—saw them wrongly. For it proved that the Red Cross nurse was not at all in love with Corporal Edmonds, that Charles cared for Miss Humphries and for no one else, and that little Mr. Maxwell, recovered from his cold, again worshipped the nurse.

"I shall be out and about again, they tell me, in three weeks," said Corporal Edmonds. "And then, if you don't mind, my girl, being seen with a chap who's wearing his right arm in a sling——"

She bent to kiss him reassuringly.

"And," he went on, "you didn't object, I hope, to my sending you only a postcard just as we were going into action?"

"Object!" she echoed, with surprise. "Why, Charles dear, when it reached me I was perfectly and absolutely delighted!"

SPOOF!

By Margaret Chute.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above:
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

When Roger Leaver made an astounding personal "hit" on the first night of *Here We Are!* the latest revue at the Regal, people who knew him best were most surprised—and surprise was common.

"Never thought he'd do it," remarked the pals of his heart. "Old Roger is a jolly good sort, but too jolly calm and quiet for a revue at the Regal, of all places! Not much voice; not much of a dancer, 'cept at night clubs and fancy-dress affairs—can't think how any manager ever expected him to 'put it over.' And he's done the trick!"

Mr. Leaver had certainly and undoubtedly done the trick. *Here We Are!* was chiefly remarkable for his personal charm, his lazy ballroom dancing, his wonderful ties, his attractive suits, and his general air of well-bred boredom. The fact that he came to the stage *via* a famous public school and the 'Varsity—so the men who had been there declared—seemed to get right across the footlights.

Mr. Leaver, consequently, was something new to revues, just as revues were something new to him. How he got to the Regal as leading man nobody seemed to know. He had scores of friends of both sexes, and led the average, crowded life of the average young man about town. One day he was lunching at the Savoy, dining at the Carlton, and supping at the newest thing in night clubs with the newest thing in girls; and the next day he was leading man at the Regal, with his name in fairly large letters on many posters.

"Fearful bloomer! He'll never do it," croaked the universe, or part of it—the part that knew Roger.

Despite rumours of a song that would be all over the country in ten minutes, a duet that must paralyse creation, and a dance that had the Tango whacked to a jelly, his friends continued to sigh and groan. Roger was such a ripper; they didn't want to see him go down—and he was bound to go down, if they were any sort of judges!

Well, they weren't! For Roger made the hit of the show—the hit of his life! His contract for six weeks was renewed for three years on a sliding scale. His name deserved—and received—the very largest letters known to manufacturers of theatrical posters.

His photograph was in every paper. Society and Stage paragraphists clung round his neck. Dealers in "To-day's Gossip" literally lived on the doings and sayings of Mr. Roger Leaver.

And his love affairs—well, it may be said with real truth that Roger Leaver's love affairs kept London busy, and guessing. He was seen about with many girls, but chiefly with Miss Maidie Maye, leading lady at the Regal.

Now, Miss Maye rejoiced in a past; also, she was several years older than Mr. Leaver. But the number of her alleged husbands remained conveniently uncertain and shrouded in mystery, so she, clever soul, made hay while press photographers pressed the button vigorously—chiefly with Roger Leaver as an effective background.

He was supposed to be in love with Maidie Maye—deeply and madly in love. On the stage he fostered this notion with vast success, and looked like an unhappy lover without much trouble. For, though his hair was short and he did not go in for pallor or flowing neckties, he happened to possess very soulful, yearning, grey eyes.

So, backed up by insinuations in the Press—"What is the latest development in the affair at the Regal?"—rumours of a quarrel, whispers of a reconciliation, and the sort of gratuitous gossip that always backs up these amazing yarns, with all this to bolster up the "heart" interest surrounding its leading players, the Regal was packed night after night.

People bought stalls and boxes chiefly to watch the alleged love-affair of the leading lady and Roger Leaver. When he gazed at her in a flood of limelight, and sang soft

rag-time (!) in his gentle voice, ladies in the stalls turned to their attendant swains with swimming eyes and murmured: "Poor, dear Roger! Doesn't he look heart-broken?"

As for Roger himself, he followed a wise precept—in other words, he lay low and said nothing. Even his best friends, when inquiring about Miss Maye, were met with a sigh, a sad glance, and a gentle "Where shall we dine to-night, old thing?" in Roger's best, most husky accents. So they, like the others, remained guessing.

Meanwhile, backed by rumours and the great popularity of Maidie Maye and Roger, *Here We Are!* ran triumphantly for over a year, and then Roger spoke of a holiday.

"I deserve it," he told the management. "I've acted like the very deuce—on and off the stage—for nearly fourteen months. The summer's just over; can't I get away for three weeks or so, all alone?"

The management smiled, then sprang a mine under Mr. Leaver's well-shod feet.

"The run of *Here We Are!* will finish in three weeks," he was told. "The theatre will close for another three weeks, and then re-open for rehearsals of the new revue. In this revue you will be leading man—and Miss Dahlia Neave will be leading lady."

"Dahlia Neave!" murmured Roger, his surprised-looking eyebrows growing more surprised. "Why, she's American, isn't she?"

"She is. She's coming straight from New York; she'll be here for the opening day of rehearsals, and Miss Maye is crossing the herring-pond to play her old part in *Here We Are!* in New York."

"Miss Maye is leaving? Oh!"

It was a curious sound, that "Oh!"—a blend of many emotions.

The management looked at Mr. Lever—and discreetly looked away.

"A change is always good," they informed him, "and Miss Neave is charming—charming!"

"Oh! Yes. So I've heard. Oh!" said Roger, more husky than ever.

There was a decided, heavy pause. The management indulged in a little throat-clearing.

"Well—er—ahem!—that's that!" they remarked. "We want you to play till the end of the run; then you can have a clear three weeks' holiday. We'll give you your new part and some of your songs to look over. And"—here piercing glances were fixed on Mr. Leaver—"our old arrangement holds good, remember."

Mr. Leaver looked sadly out of the window.

"Yes—I'll remember," he told them.

He went to a tiny Cornish village, miles away from anywhere, leaving his address with the management in case of accidents.

The hotel stood practically on the beach. For a blessed week Roger Leaver swam and walked, and did some half-hearted golfing, and sat in a boat for hours while fish eluded him, and was generally lazy and gloriously lonely, and entirely contented. In a suit of loosest flannels he forgot he was a popular London actor, forgot he had a reputation, forgot his eyes were soulful and his teeth supposed to be good, forgot—oh, a heap of things he should have remembered!

And then he met her!

He was seen about with many girls, but chiefly with Miss Maidie Maye, leading lady at the Regal.

She arrived late at night, after he had been there just a week. He was smoking a pipe on the balcony just outside his room, looking over the sea, when sounds of arrival and banging of boxes reached his ears. Being lazy, slightly tired, and far from curious, he went to bed untroubled by the newcomers.

The following morning, rushing back into the hotel from an early swim, he met *Her*, coming out!

She was wearing a long powder-blue bathing-wrap. A powder-blue cap, just the colour of her eyes, clung closely to her small head, allowing curly trails of red-gold hair to escape at intervals.

Sprinting merrily, with his head down, he cannoned into her on the verandah steps.

"I'm most awfully sorry," he said, and meant it.

"That's all right!" she flung back at him, and raced on to the sea.

Dressing, he watched her swimming easily and strongly in the little bay, and, dressed, continued to watch her, in the hotel dining-room, while she lunched and dined with her father, a grey-haired, portly soul, in close attendance.

Next morning he happened to bathe later, and thus it befell that when they met, in the same place, both of them were making for the sea. They swam together and raced back together, and at breakfast-time she smiled at him.

One more early morning bathe settled it, and Roger breakfasted at their table next morning.

"Father, this is Mr. Leaver," said the girl.

She seemed to like blue as a colour; it certainly suited her. The simple cotton frock she wore was palest blue, with a late rose, faintly pink, tucked carelessly into her belt.

Their name was Massey, Roger was informed, but he knew that ages ago!

"We like late holidays, Peri and I," said Mr. Massey, gravely drinking his coffee.

He called her Peri, he explained, because it was short for periwinkle, and her eyes were just like periwinkles in colour.

"By Jove, so they are!" agreed Mr. Leaver. It was a pity it took such a short time to find out this thrilling fact, he reflected, as two star-like eyes returned to their contemplation of toast, jam, and Cornish cream.

Later, down on the beach, Roger and the girl called Peri sat side by side in the sun, rejoicing in the delights of a sun-bath.

"Talking of London—" began Roger.

"Don't!" begged Peri, scooping up mounds of sand. "I don't want to think about it!"

"Neither do I," he assented, strenuously restraining a desire to cover her small hand with his own large sunburnt fist. "But I was unpleasantly reminded of it this morning."

She smiled, and two dimples flashed into view. "Your post?" she guessed. "I saw it was a big one; and, if I'm not being very inquisitive, was that flat package your new part?"

He sat up very abruptly.

"Good Heavens! I hoped you didn't know!" he gasped.

"Know? That you are Roger Leaver, of the Regal Theatre, London? Of course I knew—so do the hotel people—and they're so bucked to have you staying here!"

"But—" he began feebly.

"Oh, you make me laugh!" retorted Peri. "Dear, kind sir, if you want to remain unknown you ought to change your name in private life—if Roger Leaver happens to be your real name? And even then, there are such things as picture-postcards and illustrated papers."

Roger groaned.

"Please don't say any more," he burst out. "If you only knew how I hate the whole thing—how I want to forget it! I've been hugging myself with joy to think that you and your father, at least, took me for just what I am—a very ordinary specimen of youngish manhood. And all the time——"

"We knew!" she nodded gravely, and turned her head to gaze at a brown-sailed fishing boat, so that he should not see a strange look in her eyes.

When she looked back again he was turning several typewritten pages between two brown-paper covers, frowning furiously.

"Here it is—rotten thing." His tone was eloquent of disgust. "Oh, the usual drivel. Beauty choruses and silly songs—and yours very sincerely, Roger Leaver, as the usual sort of stage knut, with the usual sort of stage leading lady waiting for him to make violent love to her—on and off the stage."

For a second his grey eyes looked deep into her blue ones, and there was something in Roger Leaver's soulful gaze that no other woman had yet been privileged to see. She grew just a little pinker than before, and he returned to the contemplation of his part.

"Who is she?" inquired Peri.

"She? Oh, she's just divi—— D'you mean the leading lady? Oh, Dahlia Neave—some rag-time shouting star from Yankeeland. I'll bet she's got a huge opinion of herself, and a voice like a tired crow and a face like nothing on earth! And I've got to make love to her—on and——"

"Dahlia Neave? I've never heard her name."

"Nor anyone else — this side of the Atlantic."

His voice was very bitter, and his mouth set in two hard, disillusioned lines.

"You don't look a bit good like that," Peri murmured, half afraid. "What's the trouble? Can't you tell me?"

"Tell you?" murmured Roger, suddenly making up his mind. "Yes, I can tell you. Listen, Peri—it's got to be Peri, or I can't go on."

She bowed her head, with its crown of red-gold hair.

"Thank you! Well, I'm simply sick of everything—and this is where I strike, for good and ever! I simply can *not* go back to the Regal and start making love to this Yankee female! Not only on the stage, mark you, but off!"

"Why—off?"

"Because that's part of my bargain with the management. When they took me on, I had no name, no voice, no anything—only just a heap of friends, and I used to go about everywhere and do everything. They took me on, as leading man, on condition that I helped to boom the show by being seen about everywhere with Maidie Maye, the leading lady, and working up the 'heart interest' that way."

"And did you?" Her voice was rather harsh.

"Did I not? For over a year we stuck to it, Maidie and I. For over a year we played a great big game of spoof. She was a splendid sport, and, though she never loved me and I never loved her, we managed to make all London think we adored each other. Incidentally, we sent up the business of the show with a rush, and did ourselves a heap of good in the 'popularity' line—also the management. Spoof? It was colossal! But—heavens!—it was hard work."

"That sounds odd," said Peri.

"Does it? Well, how would you like to be continually acting, off the boards as well as on? Oh, of course you don't know the answer to that riddle, because you've never been an actress! Anyhow, it nearly finished us both. Still it's over now, for her—lucky Maidie!—but not for me! My agreement with them holds good, and when the new leading lady arrives, I've got to take on the spoof-game with her."

He cannoned into her on the verandah steps. "I'm most awfully sorry," he said, and meant it. "That's all right!" she flung back at him, and raced on to the sea.

"And you're sick of——"

"Spoof," he finished. "Yes! Ten thousand times, yes! But they won't give way—the first trip was far too successful. So, even if she doesn't like me, I've got to try and make her. Poor girl! I'm as sorry as anything for her. How she'll hate me, and it—and everything!"

Peri got up, shaking the sand from her blue dress.

"I don't see why you're so wretched about it," she said. She wasn't looking at him or she couldn't have said it.

"I'll tell you just why." Something in his voice made her heart miss a beat. "Before, when Maidie and I played this farcical game, it didn't matter to either of us. We weren't in love, you see. That's all altered now. I *am* in love—so badly in love that I don't know whether I'm talking sense or nonsense, and the very thought of carrying on this spoof business with another woman makes me, well, 'mad's' not the right word. Disgusted? Yes, that's better; just disgusted with myself, and life, and——"

"It's lunch time," she broke in. "There's father on the verandah!"

And she turned like a coward and ran into the hotel.

The days were a torment, though he could see her, speak to her, listen to her. He wanted them to last for ever—he wanted them to end—he didn't know what he wanted! Every passing hour brought him nearer to the Regal, the new revue, and Dahlia Neave, and farther from Peri.

He loved her—loved her beyond words, or hope, or coherent thought. Yet how could he ask her to marry him if he intended to keep his word to the management at the Regal? It wasn't exactly a written bond, but a given promise, and Roger Leaver had made a point of keeping promises given in honour all his life. If he meant to stick to the Regal he must say good-bye to Peri. How could he marry one girl if he intended openly to play the spoof-game with another?

Suddenly, five days before his holiday ended, he dashed on to the verandah in search of Peri.

"I'm going to London," he announced.

She shut a popular paper, her cheeks strangely pale.

"Going?"

"Yes. Business; back to-morrow night with any luck. Don't swim too far by yourself. Can I bring you anything? Chocolates, of course—whose? All right."

He longed to kiss her, with the sun on her face and hair, but he hadn't the right, so he just laughed awkwardly and went.

* * * * *

London was hot and dusty to the eyes of a man who had rejoiced principally in the sun, the sea, and Peri for many days. When he ran upstairs to the Regal Offices, scorning the lift, he gave the management a shock—a severe shock.

"Hullo!" said he, bouncing open the door.

"Hullo!" said they. "Why—what are you doing here? Sit down. Back a bit early, old boy—aren't you?"

"Yes," said Roger. He didn't sit down, and his grey eyes were far from soulful. "I've come to tell you something. If you intend to hold me to that agreement—making love to Miss Neave, and so on—I don't wish to appear in the new revue. I'm going to break my contract, and you can sue me if you——"

He stopped, as though a bullet had pierced his heart. His eyes were staring—staring at a photograph, a very big photograph, hanging above the management's desk.

"Who's that?" he asked weakly.

The management followed his eyes and smiled, an irritating, superior smile.

"Is it Dahlia Neave?" demanded the leading man.

"Of course it is," said the management, with unction. "Didn't you know?"

But Roger Leaver apparently heard not, neither did he heed. From far down the stone staircase, accompanied by the clatter of racing feet, his shouted "Good morning!" came faintly back to the office. There sat the management dumbfounded.

"Well—we'll—be—blowed!" murmured the controllers of the Regal Theatre. Only the word they used was not "blowed."

The journey to Cornwall is long at the best of times. To Roger Leaver it represented hours of interminable torment almost beyond endurance.

When his hired cab clattered up to the hotel by the beach, it was the quiet hour before dinner, and out on the verandah, in a long, low chair, sat a girl in blue.

Roger Leaver strode right up to her, and then stopped dead, catching his breath with a queer sound, overcome by the nearness and dearness and beauty of her—the girl he loved.

Peri dropped several magazines, and her throat felt suddenly dry.

"Back already?" she said, just for the sake of something to say.

"Yes." He hesitated a minute, then repeated "Yes" again, and when she heard his voice—she knew.

"Your business didn't take as long as you expected?"

"My business took less than one minute!"

She had to look at him then; and, having found her gaze, he held it, while he said:

"I walked into the office at the Regal and told them I didn't intend to play in the new show if they meant to hold me to that promise—I told you about it, the spoof-game, you know. I also told them they could sue me if they liked—and then I saw a picture hanging on the wall. I asked them to tell me the name of the individual represented in that picture; and they did. Then I went away quickly, caught the next train back, and it's been the vilest journey of my life!"

"I'm sorry," said Peri, biting a red underlip.

"I'm not. It was well worth while. Now, I want you to tell me a few things, and then I've got something to say on my own account. First, why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Spoof me—yes, that's what you've done! Are you Miss Massey or Dahlia Neave, or both? Or just—Peri?"

"Just Peri, please," that blue-eyed maiden murmured. "And the other people, too,

I'm afraid, Miss Massey, according to my birth certificate; Dahlia Neave, according to my theatrical contracts. Is that all?"

"By no means." He tapped an illustrated paper emphatically. "Why did you come here? Was it accident or the other thing? And why didn't you own up straightaway? It would have made things so much simpler. Hang it all, you knew me all the time!"

"Of course I did! And I'm very, very glad." She began to laugh, and, laughing still, said:

"Let me tell you the truth. I arrived in London just after you left, went to the Regal, and found the dear management rather worried about you! It seems they guessed you'd got a bit fed up with the love-making 'spoof-part' of your bargain, and had a sort of shrewd notion that you weren't at all pleased at the idea of starting it again with a new, unknown Yankee girl."

"That's another point!" Roger chipped in. "You aren't American!"

"I'm not—except for stage purposes. English born and bred, but I've lived in the States a long time, and London seems to like American actresses, so there you are! Please don't interrupt! Anxious to smooth things out, we concocted a small plot. I was to come to this place with father (luckily you left your address), and—well, we hoped that might make matters easier! Instead——"

"It has caused me hours of torment, and sent me dashing up to London to resign my part and incur heavy damages, and there I beheld a picture of you on the wall of that rotten office, and realised that after spoofing the public for ages I'd had the same game played on me. It was a shock!"

His eyes were staring—staring at a photograph, a very big photograph, hanging above the management's desk. "Who's that?" he asked weakly.

"I suppose it was," she smiled now, since he was smiling. "Well, thank goodness, it's all cleared up and everything's all right, isn't it? Or can I tell you anything more?"

Her voice shook a little, and her hand, when he captured it, was quite cold.

"Yes," said Roger Leaver. "You can tell me that you love me. . . . Remember this—I went all the way to London to chuck up my part just because I simply couldn't face the prospect of making love to Dahlia Neave, because I had fallen desperately in love with a wicked imp-girl called Peri, and now Peri turns out to be Dahlia Neave, and nothing matters, except that I love you—I can never tell you how much!"

"Darling," said Peri, quite a number of kisses afterwards, "I suppose we shall have to go on with the spoof business just the same?"

"Of course," said the man who was kissing her—between kisses. "Only it won't be spoof now! But, whatever happens, we mustn't let the papers know that!"

Still, these things *will* leak out somehow. Strange, isn't it? But so good for business!

Shall We Ever Settle Down Again?

By
ARNOLD WHITE.

As a writer on naval and social problems Mr. Arnold White has won a great reputation. In the following article he reassures those who fear that the discomforts under which we labour at present will endure after the war, and prophesies that a greater freedom and more common-sense conditions of living will obtain when the struggle is over.

SINCE August 4th, 1914, we little people have discovered the existence of a great company of would-be guides whose aim is to direct our steps, as they think, to prevent us from falling into the ditch. The majority of these guides are excellent people. They are also consummate bores.

In these days of upheaval many people probably ask themselves such questions as: "Shall we ever be able to get a drink at ten in the morning again, get rid of restrictions about lighting, be allowed to have blinds up in railway carriages, and will taxes go down? In short, shall we ever be able to live in comfort again, as far as this generation is concerned?"

Restricted Hospitality.

The other day I was visited at my club at 2.35 p.m. by an Australian friend who in former years had shown me great hospitality. As chance would have it, I had been unable to return his generosity owing to his absence from the Old Country.

Almost his first words were: "My dear fellow, I am dying for a cocktail." I took him up to the threatening placard that decorates places where they eat, drink, and are merry, showing him the clause providing that a cocktail as a present from me to him meant prison for me, even if I had been able to suborn the club servants to serve alcohol out of hours, and to procure venal silence on the part of the club secretary and his committee.

Having travelled energetically throughout the three kingdoms since war broke out I have seen something of the evils of drink. There is no doubt that in certain parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, even in gallant little Wales, there are places where the distribution of bad alcohol has interfered with the progress of the war. But to prevent an Australian patriot statesman from having a cocktail at 2.35 p.m. because Jock McTavish on the Clyde buys two gallons of whisky at 6.30 on Saturday evening and drinks it all, with the assistance of a few friends, by Monday morning, is an enigma that, as Lord Dundreary used to say, "no fellah can understand."

Freedom, our National Watchword.

In the old days now gone, when ecclesiastics often reflected national common-sense, a

Bishop of Peterborough, during the debates in the House of Lords on the disestablishment of the Irish Episcopal Church, expressed his preference for an England that was free over an England that was sober. The good Bishop was severely attacked for holding this wicked and licentious opinion. But he was right.

The real trouble to-day is that a number of virtuous people with political influence are contriving to use the great war as a means of realising their faddy Utopias. Ever since the world began, from the day that Adam and Eve ate the wrong apples until the day when government by poster came into being, human nature has not varied.

Government by Poster.

The Government have wisely set up a publicity department which has issued a series of posters under the title of "DON'T." The most opulent government in the world has issued a poster to tramps, and to people like me who have had their clothes cleaned and pressed ever since the war began, telling them that to be well dressed is an extravagance. Another poster tells poor widows not to use motor-cars for pleasure. The reason why dressing extravagantly in war-time is not only "bad form" but "unpatriotic" is blazoned on the walls of the United Kingdom.

We are all growing weary of these mechanical invocations to be good, to live virtuously, and to follow the old adage to low living and high thinking. The people who issue these posters mean well. Still, people who mean well are not seldom prigs. Now, the dominant note of a prig is narrow and self-conscious engrossment in his own mental or spiritual attainments. A prig is a conceited person guilty of moral foppery. After the war, when the lads come back, prigs will have a bad time.

The Death-Blow of Priggery.

The fierce furnace of war burns priggery from the services, especially from the Navy, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the Indian Civil Service. The opinion of the fighting services to-day will be the opinion of the nation for a generation to come. For the first time in history the fighting man after the war will dominate public opinion. Fighting men are healthy souls; they know a prig when they see him; the prig, as they say across the Atlantic, "cuts no ice" with soldiers and sailors. Therefore it is safe to conjecture that domination by the unco' guid and the tyranny of faddists and cranks will end after the war.

The first effect of a bullet that does not kill or a disease that is not fatal is to make a patient think. On September 23rd, 1915, Private Tom Smith wrote to his parent as follows:

DEAR MOTHER,
This comes hoping it finds you as it leaves me at present. I have a broken leg and a bullet in my left arm.

Your affec. son,
TOM SMITH.

It is safe to conjecture that Private Tom Smith will never forget his broken leg and the bullet in his left arm, and that he will bring up his children with traditions that will prevent any repetition of a world-war.

For common-sense will come into its own. As a matter of fact, common-sense is really uncommon sense. It consists mainly in the power of distinguishing between what is necessary and unnecessary, what is true and what is false, and in looking ahead sufficiently clearly to avoid collision with whatever is approaching from the opposite direction.

The Reign of Common-Sense.

Common-sense will gain a new lease of life, not only after the war but during the war. The tyranny of cranks is more and more bitterly resented by thinking people. Since the output of the average workman with new mechanical appliances is at least one hundred times greater than the output of wealth in the war of 1870, it is certain that the restoration of society to new and comfortable conditions will be far more rapid after the war in the British Empire than in Mittel-Europa, which, let us hope, will have to pay large sums of money for permission to trade on the ocean.

Not long ago a motor-car ran over a hen in a Bedfordshire village, and the unhappy fowl, in the act of being squashed, laid an egg. The British Empire has been run over by the Hun chariot, and, in the act of being squashed, has laid an egg. This egg is being hatched out. When this chicken comes home to roost, everyone who does not interfere with the liberty of others will be able to get a drink at ten in the morning. There will be no restrictions about lighting, taxes will go down, and a vast number of evils from which we suffered before the war will be swept away.

Among the people who will have a bad time after the war are the wealthy, double-chinned bachelors in bath-chairs, who week-end at the seaside from September to July, and who take the waters each summer at Homburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Baden-Baden, or punting on the green cloths of Monte Carlo.

These people are the by-products of luxury in the real sense of the word. Some of them marry. The wives will have a worse time than the husbands. They will learn that between them and their housemaids there is no gulf fixed such as existed between Lazarus and Dives.

An Era of Prosperity.

We need not be unhappy about the sorrows of double-chinned Dives. Little people may rejoice. The majority of them will rejoice after the war. Why? Two enormous tanks of prosperity exist unsuspected, for the regeneration and the resuscitation of the British Empire. The first is the suspension of the unwritten law of trades-unions restricted output. The second is the restoration to the people of freer and far cheaper transport.

Our national bill for imported food amounts to over £200,000,000 per annum.

The effect of organisation will be a huge drop in the price of everything, because the cost of transport, which, to the consumer is three-fifths of the cost of living, would be halved, if not quartered. Fish sold on the quay at Yarmouth, Hull, or Lowestoft at one shilling a "trunk" costs seven shillings by the time it reaches London, and nine shillings by the time it reaches the village where I live. There is no reason for the enormous difference between the price of fish on the quays at Wick, Hartlepool, Hull, Yarmouth, or Lowestoft and the price of fish when it reaches my cottage.

In every hundred minutes the railway trucks which carry fish stand still for ninety-seven minutes. Everybody who has travelled about the country during the war, if they kept their eyes open, has wondered at the enormous congestion of empty wagons assembled in sidings outside every station. The average railway wagon being idle for ninety-seven minutes out of every hundred minutes, waste of money and time over the haulage of food, raw material, and luxuries in the United Kingdom is so great that reform will secure for the little people vastly improved conditions of life.

Settling the Transport Problem.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the enormous reduction of cost of food, raw material, and necessaries that will be easily accomplished when the Government of the country is taken in hand by men of the type of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain or of the living Mr. W. M. Hughes. The milk trouble which has existed during the last few months is a proof that the dominant factor of the cost of food, which is closely related to the happenings of the masses, is the price of transport. At the time of writing, milk is given to pigs for food in the valleys of my county; it is sold to the parents of sick children in London at sixpence a quart.

Transport affects the price of cigarettes, the tiles on the roof and the umbrella we carry, the hat we wear and the mutton we eat.

Next to transport reform the most important element in the cheapening of necessaries, and consequently the enjoyment of life for average people after the war, is the abolition of restricted output. For some strange reason since 1832 labour has considered that its interest is best served by restricting output. Therefore old age pensions sometimes act as the endowment of restricted output. Old age pensions on a far more liberal scale would be the cheapest investment the country could make to workmen who were injured or deforced by old age if the workmen would realise that their interests were best to be secured by the exercise of energy and effort.

Abolish Restricted Output.

America, a country from which, after all, Europe has much to learn, without old age pensions, contrives to make it worth the while of the workman to work hard. England has at hand an enormous reserve of wealth in the difference between artificial restriction of output and the result of consistent effort to produce and turn out the best results—whether commercial, physical, mental, or spiritual—of which the community is capable.

After the war we shall see as well as look. Government by poster is not intelligent. The writer of the poster may be a high-minded and excellent man, but he must be narrow. Nobody has the wisdom of Mr. Everybody.

We have been told to turn our gardens into potato patches. I doubt whether the author of this poster has any practical knowledge either of gardening or agriculture. To turn a flower garden into a vegetable garden means one of two things—either the expenditure of capital on the extermination of valuable plants, the purchase of loam and manure, and the employment of labour absolutely unprocurable, or it means poor vegetables which cannot be sold or given away under the ordinary village conditions of English rural life.

I speak with feeling. I would rather see a dozen soldiers home on leave mending their health by enjoying the roses, foxgloves, delphiniums, and heliotrope than batten on artichokes and potatoes that have cost me two shillings and sixpence to grow.

Organisation is the principle of life. Unintelligent organisers disorganise.

So with dress. The only thing that really counts is the dress of women. In time of peace the Army dresses for the women; also the Navy. If life is worth living women must dress beautifully for the same reason that the birds are attired in their best plumage when the continuation of their species is to be secured. I cannot understand the argument that urges the disuse of new clothes, provided they are produced, cut, and finished chiefly in our own country.

Support Home Industries.

After the war we shall see these things more clearly. Clothes produced in the Empire will be obligatory; or if not in the Empire in the countries of our Allies. Fat Germans come to Savile Row for their frock coats. At my tailor's I see the name of Prince Henry of Prussia stuck up—also at my hatter's. That is as bad for Germany as it would be for England if the Prince of Wales and the King were to buy their clothes in the Wilhelmstrasse.

We shall shake down after the war into the understanding of what really counts in the happiness of life. We shall not have to pull down the blinds after the war; we shall see things more clearly. Spelling, for example, is a ridiculous invention. Chaucer couldn't spell though he could write. Shakespeare sometimes spelt a word three different ways in the same play. Even Addison, who was a superior person, was uncertain. So far as I have been able to observe in my passage through life I have never known a nice woman who could spell. There is nothing in spelling, and yet the academic conventions of our day regard a bad speller as belonging to the worst form of the criminal classes, and therefore ineligible for practical administration.

The Reign of Men of Action!

Utopia is out of reach, but the resumption of normal national life after the war will mean organised freedom, the abolition of the fancies of faddists enshrined in the clauses of Acts of Parliament, and the liberation of the human spirit to act as it thinks best provided it does not interfere with the liberty of others.

Huxley wrote about a celebrated political philosopher: "I am inclined to think that the practice of the method of political leaders destroys their intellect for all serious purposes." After the war men of action will rule the roost, and men of action marry for love—the king of all things. Marriage for love will be "good form" after the war, without any incitement from posters.

THE SONG OF THE BACK-TO-THE-LAND GIRL.

I used to love the city, with its busy noise of men,
But now I'm living on the farm I wouldn't change again.
Their dawns are only smoky-grey, and tinged with sordid things—
We listen in a golden hush for sound of angel's wings.
Oh, dreams are sweet in Arcady, but sweet beyond all words
To waken in the morning to the twittering of birds!

And when the glowing day is dead, and night comes cool and still,
You rest 'mid silver silence while the moon climbs o er the hill.
She smiles on sleeping Arcady, and weaves her shining beams,
Till bathed in radiance there lies a fairy world of dreams.
The little birds are silent now, but with a shuddering "woo-oo-o"
The brown owl starts his serenade – and oh! *he* wakes you, too!

Anne Page.

GUNNERY JACK

By Francis Victor Smith.

"They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's Fleet:
They were stripped to the waist, they were
bare to the feet.
As it was in the days of old."

At twenty-seven he was already Gunnery-Lieutenant of the *Atalanta* a square, brown-faced man with a firm Navy jaw and clear, steel-grey eyes.

I

By all the traditions of the Trenchards, Peter, as the second son of that fighting family, was destined for the Navy, so Dartmouth claimed him at the appointed time. He was then a freckle-faced youngster of thirteen, small, like all the men of his race, but well-set and hardened by exercise, and he had an abiding passion for anything in the shape of a gun.

"That youngster will go far," said the arbiters of Peter's destiny, and, in accordance with the best traditions of the Senior Service, they worked him systematically and without remorse, careful to withhold all praise. This discipline was good for Peter's soul; he rose rapidly, and at twenty-seven he was already Gunnery-Lieutenant of the *Atalanta* — a square, brown-faced man with a firm Navy jaw and clear, steel-grey eyes which could bore into a defaulter like gimlets.

Peter's ship was a first-class cruiser of some 14,000 tons, a crack ship in her day, but now outclassed by the big, new battle-cruisers. A really keen gunnery officer is rarely a favourite of the lower deck, for the high target scores, which alone satisfy his ambitious

soul, entail ceaseless hard work on the part of the gun-crews. But Peter got the last ounce out of his men, and yet retained his popularity, and all hands agreed that their "gunnery Jack" was a good sort and the smartest in the Fleet.

After two years of this work, his reward came when he saw the name of his ship at the head of a printed list, with a goodly margin between her unprecedented target score and that of the second ship. His "owner" let fall a few quiet words of commendation that were better than minted gold to Peter, while the ward-room thumped him on the back and told him that he was one of the best. And then, squarely in the midst of his well-earned leave—for his ship had shed a propeller-blade and was in dockyard hands—fell the longed-for declaration of war.

II

Month after weary month of patrolling brought no satisfaction to the *Atalanta's* crew. Periodically they picked up their collier—they came to hate her squat, black form with an intense and abiding hatred—and hauled the swaying coal-bags back and forth along a dripping wire rope in the long-drawn agony of coaling at sea; at longer intervals they visited the dockyard. Nothing else happened, and the daily routine went on.

But Peter worked his gun-crews as hard as ever, keeping them at the top notch of efficiency. Then the First-Lieutenant fell sick and was invalided, and Peter, his place filled by a capable junior, was promoted to acting First-Lieutenant. Normally the appointment would have been given to an older man, but new ships were being commissioned in hot haste, officers were scarce, and so he got his chance.

The *Atalanta's* luck turned at last. Peter was in his bath when the news arrived, but the whoops of exultation that echoed through the after-flat told him that great doings were afoot. The big ward-room hummed like a hive when he entered. Two junior officers were waltzing on the table; the rest were crowded round the Commander, who was pinning a copy of the dispatch to a picture-frame.

"Great news, Number One!" chanted the Torpedo-Lieutenant ecstatically. "Three German cruisers have got out an' run north-about for the Atlantic. We're ordered to dig out after 'em at once, rendezvous with the *Exultant* somewhere or other, an' head 'em off before they can do any commerce-destroying!" The rest was lost in the general babel.

"One of 'em's the *Greiffen*. She's bigger than we are, and carries eight eight-point-twos, but she's slow as a hearse!"

"The others are *Andernau* an' *Eisenach*."

"Von Hollenstein commands—foxy old brute he is. Now how did the Admiralty get to know *that*?"

"The battle-cruiser squadron's after 'em hell-for-leather, but they're miles too far south to come up in time."

"Hurroo! Then we shall have the picnic all to ourselves—we an' the *Exultant*!"

"Couldn't have happened better—we're fresh from overhaul, an' we coaled yesterday."

This, and much more, until a bugle sounded above. Then there was a clicking of hastily-donned sword-belts and a hurried exodus.

A minute later the slow jog-trot of the cruiser's screws quickened to a livelier gait, and with all possible haste she was worked up to full speed. But soon a blinding sea-fog came down, greeted by fervent curses from eight hundred and fifty throats.

Cleared for action, the *Atalanta* rushed ahead through the reek at her full speed of twenty-three knots, but all hands knew that their chance of a "scrap" had fallen to zero. And ten minutes later came a wireless message that the *Exultant*, her port engine hopelessly disabled, was returning to harbour.

Peter was superintending a working-party on the quarter-deck when the amazing thing happened. The thump of hard-driven engines came out of the fog, and he turned to see the dim form of a big white cruiser crossing the *Atalanta's* bows. A moment later came the roar of guns; the cruiser trembled to the impact of a shell, and, before her guns could reply, the other ship had vanished in the fog.

Barry—Second-Lieutenant, and his bosom friend of years—met him with a grave face as he hurried forward.

"Bad news, Peter," he said in a low voice. "Five-point-nine shell got us on the bridge. Lloyd-Seton and the Skipper are knocked out—blown to bits, poor devils. You're in command."

Peter's head whirled as they hurried to the bridge. He felt as a man would feel who has been thrust on to a throne against his will, and in the same moment has lost his only counseller. But he had been trained to think quickly in emergencies, and before his feet touched the bridge he had adapted himself to this most astounding change, and was beginning to make up his mind to a course of action.

"It was the *Greiffen* that fired," said Otterson, the Navigating-Lieutenant, mopping the blood from a splinter-graze on his

cheek. "Couldn't see the others, but I heard their engines. All three of 'em were there, right enough."

Peter was standing by the bridge-rail, deep in thought, his chin sunk in his up-turned coat-collar. Wrestling with his problem under the heavy burden of responsibility which had been thrown upon him, he longed for the ripe judgment which thirty years' experience of the sea had given to his Captain. Suddenly he threw up his head with a jerk. His mind was made up.

"Alter our course eight points to port," he said. "Steer due west. Barry, ring down an' tell the E.C." (Engineer-Commander) "to give her all she'll stand."

The orders were carried out, but both officers groaned, and Barry was moved to protest.

"Peter, for Heaven's sake, are we going to *run?*"

He turned to them, a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"Run? Like hares, dear boy! This fog won't last long, an' on our present course we should be too near 'em for our health. It's to be a disgraceful *sauve qui peut*."

Both men groaned again.

"*Until* we get the *Eisenach*—which is much the fastest of the bunch—well away from the other two."

He smiled meaningly, and his plan of battle was revealed to the others in all its beautiful simplicity. United, the three Germans would pound the *Atalanta* into scrap-iron in half-an-hour. But if the German admiral could be tempted into sending his fastest—and weakest—ship, the *Eisenach*, ahead, with the idea of holding the *Atalanta* until her slower consorts could come up—well, then the *Atalanta* would not have reached the top of the gunnery lists for nothing.

In a minute the fog drove away before a freshening breeze, and they saw the enemy squadron, hull down to the eastward under a heavy cloud of smoke. Instantly the three ships swung round in chase. There were several minutes of tension, and then Peter laid down his glasses with a sigh of relief.

"All serene," he said. "*Eisenach's* drawing away from the others hand-over-fist. Let her only keep it up, an' we've got her."

Time passed, while the speedy *Eisenach* gained steadily, drawing out to starboard as she came, so as to bring all her guns to bear on the flying *Atalanta*. At two o'clock she was broad on the starboard quarter and about eight miles away; the *Andernau* was far astern, and a black smudge on the horizon was the only trace of the slow but formidable *Greiffen*.

The *Eisenach's* Captain was over-confident in his ship and crew. He thought that he could damage the *Atalanta* sufficiently to reduce her speed, and hold her until his consorts could arrive to finish the battle. But he was mistaken. To a casual observer there was no great difference between the two ships. In speed the *Eisenach* had the advantage, and their armaments were equal in number of guns. But the *Atalanta's* guns, both heavy guns and quick-firers, were bigger than the German's; they had the longer range and the greater hitting power, and, above all, she was the bigger ship by four thousand tons, and much more heavily armoured.

It was Peter's business to know all this, and he smiled grimly as he gave a last glance round the horizon before giving the order that would begin the battle. The air was clear and the sun shone brightly, the sea was almost calm, and a light south-easterly breeze was blowing—the best of all possible breezes, for it blew the smoke away to starboard and left the range clear for the gunners.

"Just our weather!" murmured Peter, his eyes bright with excitement. "A steady ship and a clear range, thank the Lord! Better get aft, Barry—I'm going to slow her down. When you're ready, Otterson."

Barry hurried aft to the after conning-tower, where he would be ready to take command of the ship if anything happened to his chief. Peter and the navigator stepped into the steel-walled conning-tower; bells rang in the engine-room, the whirling engines slowed a little, and the *Eisenach* gained more quickly.

Peter waved his hand, and a waiting midshipman telephoned to the masthead.

"Fourteen thousand yards, sir," he announced, and Peter nodded and put his lips to a telephone.

"Let 'em have it, Guns!"

Four sighting shots crashed out in quick succession, and there was an interval of fifteen long-drawn seconds while the shells sped towards their mark. Then, one after another, the falling shells flung up four tall white fountains of water, two of them short of the enemy and two beyond her. Checking his calculations by this result, the Gunnery-Lieutenant found the exact range. The thunder of four heavy guns fired simultaneously shook the cruiser to her keel, and the battle had begun.

"Four hits, sir, and a perfect pattern," reported the lynx-eyed specialist aloft. A sighting shot from the *Eisenach*, aimed too high, passed overhead with a low, wicked rumble like the sound of a distant electric

train. Another, and another, fell short. The German cruiser was firing furiously in a desperate attempt to find the range, but it was too late. The *Atalanta* fired salvo after salvo as fast as her guns could be served, and nearly half the shots went home.

At that long range it was splendid gunnery, and Peter, his glasses trained on the *Eisenach*, watched the black-and-yellow smoke-bursts of the shells break out along her decks, and whistled softly between his teeth. All was going well.

"*Eisenach's* fire is slackening, sir," piped the telephone at his ear. "Her fore-funnel's gone, an' she's on fire for'ard and aft."

Again and again the *Atalanta's* guns thundered.

"I think she's pumping, sir," said the telephone. "Now her foremast's down, an' there's another fire amidship."

"Good!" said Peter. "Hullo, she's turning! Had enough, by gum! Come to think of it, we *have* given 'em hell."

The *Eisenach* had turned to starboard in the hope of reaching her consorts, thus changing the range and upsetting the careful calculations of the gunnery officers. There would be no more firing until both ships had settled to a steady course again, for at long range it is a hundred to one against hitting a ship that is turning, and heavy shells are too precious to be wasted.

"I think we'll close an' pound her with the quickfirers," said Peter. "Port fifteen!"

"Port fifteen it is, sir," from the Quarter-Master at the wheel, his eyes fixed on the moving pointer of the dial before him.

"Steady!"

The cruiser flew round in a wide curve at top speed.

"Enemy has stopped turning, sir," from the masthead.

"Midship!" snapped Peter, and the cruiser settled to a straight course, rapidly overhauling the *Eisenach*, whose speed had suffered from the terrible punishment she had received.

"Nine thousand yards," squeaked the telephone.

"Go ahead with the quickfirers, Guns," said Peter, and then the men of the *Atalanta's* port battery had their chance. Hell broke loose on the *Eisenach*. Clouds of tawny smoke burst from her whole length as the shells went home, almost hiding her from view.

She made an attempt to reply with her starboard six-inch battery, but gun after gun was put out of action, and at last a well-placed salvo silenced her aft barbette, and her resistance was at an end. Outmatched from the start, her gun-crews shaken and demoralised, she had not made a single hit on the *Atalanta*.

"Cease fire!" shouted Peter into the telephone, and the roaring guns were dumb. The yellow clouds blew away from the *Eisenach* as the *Atalanta* raced towards her to administer the *coup de grâce*, and revealed her a hideous wreck, motionless, for her engines had been disabled. Peter gave her one comprehensive look through his glasses, and telephoned an order to the Torpedo-Lieutenant.

At three thousand yards the order was given, and the two deadly silver-white streams of bubbles shot from the cruiser's side. Then three minutes of aching suspense, and a yell from aloft. A burst of smoke broke out under the *Eisenach's* riddled side, and the muffled boom of a heavy explosion came over the water. One torpedo had struck fairly amidship, the other had missed. A minute, and she began to heel over slowly—she was mortally stricken.

"No time for life-saving, worse luck!" said Peter, looking ahead at the nearing *Andernau*, which was now about seven miles away, and coming on at full speed. At that moment the *Andernau's* captain must have noticed the *Eisenach's* growing list, and guessed what had happened, for he put over his helm and raced back on his course to join the distant *Greiffen*.

"Confound him, he's going to run!" said Peter, ringing down to the engine-room for full speed. "If we can't catch the beggar an' pound him before the *Greiffen* comes up, we shall be in the cart!"

The *Atalanta* raced past the sinking German almost within hailing distance. The *Eisenach* lay over on her beam-ends, her exposed side black with the clinging forms of men. Lifebuoys and a couple of life-rafts were flung overboard as the *Atalanta* passed. It was all that could be done, but no man spoke in the conning-tower until that pitiful sight had been left far astern.

"Filthy business, leaving 'em to drown," Peter said soberly, returning to the conning-tower after stepping out on the bridge and glancing astern. "But it'll be our turn before long, an' that ought to square the account."

"So *that's* the evolution, Peter?" said Otterson, raising his eyebrows.

"That, my son, is the evolution. We carry on as long as the old ship holds together, an' then we all go to Davy Jones. With any luck, we ought to finish the *Andernau* before t'other ship finishes us, an' by the time the *Greiffen* has put us out, she'll be in middling poor condition for commerce-destroying."

"Right-o!" said Otterson, accepting his death-warrant without remark, and Peter gave the signal to open fire.

The *Andernau* was but little larger than the *Eisenach*, and carried the same armament, but, being slower, she was able to carry heavier armour, and Peter knew that she would not succumb so easily. For ten minutes the two ships fought a hotly-contested action. The *Andernau's* shooting was better than that of her sunken consort, and early in the action she made several hits, but the *Atalanta's* tough armour-plates held nobly and the damage was trifling. Soon her superior gunnery began to make itself felt, and the *Andernau's* fire slackened. But then a distant thundering of guns announced that the fifteen-thousand ton *Greiffen*, with her heavy armour and eight big guns, was within range. The crisis of the whole action was at hand.

Peter, thinking quickly as a man must in battle, judged that the *Greiffen*, firing at an extreme range, was unlikely to do serious damage, and decided that he could carry on his action with the *Andernau* for some minutes longer without changing his course. In the circumstances he was perfectly justified in this decision, but luck was against him.

A chance shot from the *Greiffen*, fired at the utmost elevation of the gun, fell on the *Atalanta's* deck, right amidships, penetrated below, and burst against the armour deck, shattering the plate and driving down a hail of jagged fragments into the boiler-room below. A tremendous roar of escaping steam told that the damage was serious. A splinter had wounded the port main steam-pipe, thus disabling the port engine and half crippling the ship.

In this desperate emergency, Peter showed the stuff of which he was made. Nine men out of ten would have turned and run instinctively, but he gave the order to close. The *Andernau* was closing too, eager to follow up her advantage and finish the *Atalanta* before the *Greiffen* came up to divide the glory. Her captain had not felt the power of the *Atalanta's* quick-firers, or he would not thus have played into Peter's hands.

The *Atalanta* turned sixteen points to port to confuse the enemy's gunners, and at ten thousand yards the seven-point-fives opened fire, beating down the answering fire of the enemy's six-inch battery. In that hellish rain of steel and flame, accurate fire-control was impossible; the *Andernau's* heavy guns still pounded away, but made no hits, and Peter, rising buoyantly from the shock of the disaster that would have wrecked a lesser man, began to hope. He took the risk of carrying on his action with the *Andernau* for three minutes more, and in that brief space his guns, worked at incredible speed by their splendid crews, inflicted terrible punishment.

But now there was not a moment to be lost, for a single accurate salvo from the *Greiffen's* eight heavy guns might decide the action there and then. Reluctantly, Peter signalled "Cease fire," and turned away in a sixteen-point curve, which nullified the *Greiffen's* range calculations and rendered accurate firing impossible. He had not yet finished with the *Andernau*, but he had gained a few precious minutes in which to combat the trouble below.

Down in the steel-walled inferno that was the port boiler-room the engineers were fighting a battle as fierce and as deadly as that which was raging above. Valves had been jammed by the explosion, and two of the boilers were pouring steam at two hundred and fifty pounds pressure into the confined space, so that no man could reach the seat of the trouble. The Engineer-Commander reported, after ten minutes of useless effort, that nothing could be done until the leakage had reduced the pressure of the steam, and Peter, hearing, set his teeth hard, and carried on.

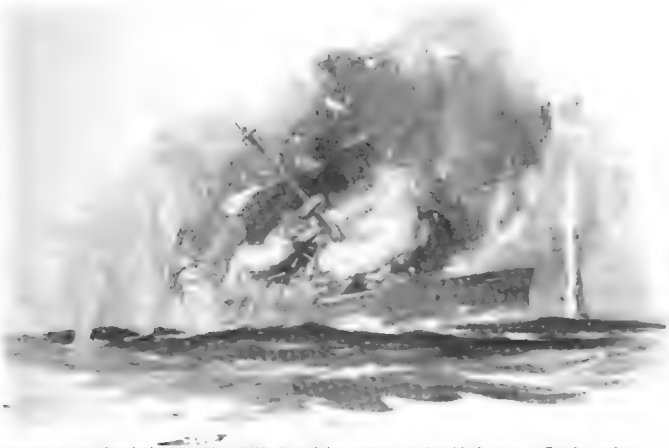
The position of his ship was desperate; the enemy had twelve heavy guns against her four, and in her crippled state she was even slower than the damaged *Andernau*. But Peter, every nerve braced in intense concentration on his almost impossible task, kept his ship under helm, wheeling, turning in irregular curves, baffling the German gunners with constant changes of course and speed.

At times she would hold to a straight course just long enough to get the range with a couple of single shots, and fire a well-placed salvo, turning again before the German ships could reply effectively. And so, sorely wounded, but indomitable until the waves should close over her, she staggered back and forth over the sea, while shells fell thickly round her and their leaping water-spouts drenched her decks.

Peter guessed that his enemy had counted the cost of closing in face of the *Atalanta's* terrible quick-firers, and had resolved to sink her at long range. Presently von Hollenstein would find that this was impossible, and would close to a range at which Peter's tactics could not save him, but for the present he would keep away.

Peter put his lips to the masthead telephone.

"Yes, sir. *Andernau's* on fire aft an' amidship, an' I think she's badly holed for'ard." Other details followed which gave Peter reason to think that he might yet finish



Suddenly her foredecks heaved and lifted, and in an instant the ship became a floating volcano, vomiting flames and smoke and shattered steel.

the *Andernau*—if only he had speed! He turned to the engine-room telephone.

"Any luck?"

In his voice was no trace of the intolerable mental tension that racked him.

"We're trying again, sir. Hope to report in five minutes."

The Engineer-Commander did not say that already three volunteers had yielded up their lives in vain attempts. He signed to one of the dozen who had come forward at a word, and that man, a brawny engine-room artificer, made his preparations and crept on his hands and knees into the howling steam, swathed to the eyes in sacking, a lifeline trailing behind him. In a little while the roar of the steam died down and ceased, and presently the men that hauled on the lifeline drew out of that seething hell something that had been human, but was now beyond all semblance of man, a blinded, flayed, and faceless thing that beat with piteous, fleshless hands on the hot steel deck, and then lay still.

But the terrible steam was conquered, and ten minutes later the work was done, and the *Atalanta* was almost her old speedy self again. Peter yielded to his raw nerves in a single sob of thankfulness when he heard the news, and recovered himself in a moment. In spite of the damage to her funnels and ventilators, his ship was now faster than either of the Germans, and he was about to ring for full speed in order to increase the range when he noticed something that made him pause. The *Greiffen*, now close astern of the *Andernau*, and slowly overhauling her, was drawing out to starboard, evidently intending to pass and take her proper place as flagship ahead of her consort.

Peter saw instantly the mistake that the German Admiral was about to commit. The *Greiffen* would pass to starboard of the *Andernau*, and therefore beyond her, and while passing she would be unable to fire. Possibly von Hollenstein, misled by the slackening of the *Atalanta's* fire, thought that she was too badly damaged to take advantage of this opportunity, but he was soon undeceived.

At the moment that the *Greiffen* was compelled to cease fire and disappeared behind the *Andernau*, the British cruiser directed a tremendous and accurate fire at that ship from every gun that would bear. As soon as possible the *Greiffen* turned to port, intending to cross the *Andernau's* bows at top speed and come into action again, but two minutes passed before the ships were clear of each other, and these minutes were fatal to the *Andernau*. Suddenly her foredecks heaved and lifted, and in an instant the ship became a floating volcano, vomiting flame and smoke and shattered steel. Both ships

disappeared in writhing smoke-clouds, out of which came in quick succession a series of tremendous explosions as, one by one, the *Andernau's* magazines blew up. Presently the *Greiffen* drove clear of the smother, but the *Andernau* was gone.

A great explosion has a numbing effect on all who witness it and feel its force, even at a distance. Peter knew this, and he knew that the *Greiffen* had been very near her consort at the moment of the disaster. He turned to his subordinates with a torrent of orders.

"Port—hard over!" he roared to the Quartermaster. Then to the engine-room: "Full ahead, Scott. Give her all you can!" Then a string of telephoned orders to the Gunnery-Lieutenant.

The cruiser swung round and closed on the *Greiffen* at top speed, and Peter scanned her through his glasses with eager eyes. Her guns were silent, her wireless gear hung in trailing shreds from the masts, and all of her side that he could see was dyed a vivid yellow from the blast of the explosion. A great chance was at hand, ready to his grasp if only he could act before the half-stunned Germans could recover. At ten thousand yards he swung the cruiser parallel to the *Greiffen's* course, and opened fire with every available gun.

"Starboard ten!" said Peter hoarsely half-an-hour later, and the cruiser turned and steamed slowly away from the enemy. Her decks ran with blood and resounded with groans; her blistered guns were too hot to fire. Her upper works were riddled, and below the labouring pumps spouted curving jets of white water from her torn sides, fighting the streams that rushed inboard from many hits on the waterline.

Her fore-barbette, pierced by a heavy shell, was a shambles; not a man of the two crews survived; half her starboard battery was out of action, and the mess-decks were a raging furnace. A funnel had gone overboard, ventilators had been shot away, and the air-shafts so choked with *débris* that it was almost impossible to keep steam.

But the *Greiffen*, too, was in evil case, for in that terrible thirty minutes the *Atalanta*, despite the heavy odds in guns against her, had made more than hit for hit. The German ship was badly on fire, her mainmast had been shot away, and the heavy fire-control station had crashed down on the aft barbette, completely disabling both guns. She, too, was pumping heavily, and the ruinous wreckage of every unarmoured part testified to the power of the *Atalanta's* quick-firers.

As if by mutual consent the two ships had ceased fire at the same moment, and steamed sullenly apart out of range to plug their pierced sides and extinguish fires, to count their dead, and bring up from below fresh men to fill the gaps in their weakened gun-crews.

Peter got down stiffly from his place and stretched himself with a weary sigh, turning to find Otterson holding out a brimming tumbler. He drained the long yellow drink and sighed again.

"Thanks, old chap, I needed that," he said.

Then he fell to laughing with the hysterical abandon of a man utterly unstrung, and Otterson laughed with him, for their nerves were wrung beyond control.

"This won't do—bad for discipline!" said Peter, recovering himself. "By Jove, Otterson, we've shaken up von Hollenstein! Just look at the *Greiffen!*"

They looked long through their glasses, and were satisfied, for the German was a pitiable sight. With her six remaining heavy guns she was still by far the stronger, but the *Atalanta* would die hard, and when she sunk she would leave her enemy a wreck, ready to succumb to the first British ship that sighted her. Peter's chief anxiety was relieved by a message from the Gunnery-Lieutenant announcing that the fore-barbette guns were not disabled after all, and with a few repairs and a fresh crew would be as good as ever.

For twenty minutes the working-parties laboured, while the weary gun-crews rested at their guns and ate the food brought to them by the remnant of the cooks, for Peter knew the value of a full stomach to a fighting man, and had given the order.

"Gad, look at the *Greiffen!*" yelled Otterson suddenly, and Peter raised his glass. The *Greiffen's* heavy tripod foremast was swaying drunkenly; even as he looked it leant backward, slowly at first, then quicker, and then in one tremendous sweep its whole length crashed down on the deck.

"Full ahead!" roared Peter. "Port—hard over! By Heaven, we'll beat them yet!"

The ship swung round and bore down on the shaken enemy at twenty knots; her guns thundered again, and the *Greiffen* replied, but until the wreckage was cleared away some of her guns were hampered by the fallen mast, and more, she had lost her last fire-control station. But she was still dangerous, and though Peter kept his ship away at long range, taking full advantage of his speed and fire-control, shell after shell crashed through her shaken plates. He set his teeth and carried on.

And out of that vast co-ordinated effort of six hundred men—for many had gone to

their account and more were wounded—came victory.

Peter, holding himself upright with both hands, stared through the smoke at the flashes of the *Greiffen's* guns. Then he telephoned to the masthead, for he could not believe what he had seen.

"Yes, sir, her fore-barbette's out of action and her port-barbette's only firing one gun, very slowly."

It was true then. Peter sat down and told Otterson to mix him a drink, which he needed badly. The blood-splashed conning-tower seemed to be wheeling round him, and sparks danced before his eyes, but he dragged himself to his feet again. He heard his voice giving orders; it seemed to come from far off and sounded like the voice of another man. The *Atalanta* was closing on her enemy, the range was falling, falling to eight thousand yards. The three surviving quick-firers of the port battery opened again and wrapped the *Greiffen* in their deadly yellow cloud.

"Gad, look at the *Greiffen!*" yelled Otterson suddenly, and Peter raised his glass.

Now her port-barbette was silenced completely. Above the smoke he saw her last funnel reel and fall. One barbette only remained in action, and for minutes that seemed hours he waited, while the voices in the telephones sounded like thunder in his ringing ears. Then came the wailing scream and stunning shock of a shell, and sea, sky, and his enemy were alike blotted out in a blinding burst of flame.

He was in the ward-room—now a crowded hospital—among horrible sights and sounds. He felt the keen sting of splinter-wounds and a dull, hot pain in his side. Unseen hands lifted him to a table, and the sickly-sweet breath of chloroform robbed him of sense. An immense interval of time and he awoke to see Barry bending over him, his face grave and pitiful. A strange prescience told him what he was to hear.

"Verdict, please," he said faintly, and found that he could still smile, though devils were tearing his vitals with red-hot pincers.

"Campion thinks about an hour, Peter—perhaps two," said Barry quietly. It was no time for equivocation.

"Never mind," said Peter. "Have we done our job?"

Barry nodded, with a queer twisting of the lips.

"Yes, we've got her, Peter. Her flag's still flying, but it's only a question of time. 'Twas her last shot that broke you up, an' knocked out poor old Otterson."

"Get me up on the bridge, Barry," said Peter. "If I must go out let it be under God's own sky—not in this stuffy hole."

There was a whispered consultation.

"All right, nothing can make any difference—now."

A hypodermic pricked his arm, and in a little while his pains left him. Then he felt the cool touch of the fresh air on his face, and would have sighed, but that something was badly wrong with his breathing. They slung a hammock for him on what was left of the upper bridge, and he saw in the clear light of the declining sun, far off and dimly outlined in the smoke and steam that rose from her, the great ship that he had beaten.

She lay motionless, a naked, shattered ruin. From the stump of her mainmast her flag still fluttered in the light breeze, but as he looked that flag jerked downwards and drooped to the deck. She had surrendered, and instantly the *Atalanta* rang from stem to stern with a triple burst of cheering.

III.

"Hold me up, Barry, an' let me look at 'em," said Peter.

There was a vast smoke-cloud on the eastern horizon, and beneath it came the battle-cruiser squadron at last, eight mighty grey ships driving ahead at furious speed, with a long line of black destroyers on either flank. Barry, tender as a woman, slid an arm under Peter's shoulders and raised him gently, and they looked long and silently at the nearing ships, while overhead the wireless aerials, now restored, were flinging out to the world the message that told the *Atalanta's* incredible story—how she had fought with three German ships all through a long summer day, had sunk one and blown up another, and, in the end, had fought to a standstill and taken captive the biggest and best of them all. Now she was crawling homeward, weary but unconquered, with her prize towing sullenly astern.

"You'll have to explain to the Mater, Barry," said Peter at last. "She was nuts on my getting my command—but perhaps this little affair will do as well. And another thing—I wanted to write a letter, but my right hand's crocked—tell *her* about it like a good chap."

"I'll tell her, Peter," said Barry, coughing huskily. Peter was silent, thinking of his last leave, of brown eyes and a girl who had smiled bravely on the platform at Waterloo as his train began to move. Barry coughed again, and swore under his breath.

"As bad as that, old thing?" said Peter. "Buck up! I'm going in good company, you know. The 'owner' an' Lloyd-Seton, Otterson, the Padre, and the rest—nearly half of us. And that hulk astern pays for all."

The squadron was very near, and aboard the flagship the semaphore was signalling. The huge ships swung apart into two long parallel lines, with a wide lane of water between, and stopped, waiting for the *Atalanta*. A many-coloured string of flags rose from the flagship's bridge.

"What's that signal, Barry?" said Peter. "I—I can't see so well."

"Admiral's asking if we need any help," said Barry gruffly.

"Tell him, 'No, thanks, we can carry on as we are,'" he said.

Slowly, bathed in the splendour of the sunset, that glorious wreck, the *Atalanta*, took her triumphant way between the ships, the beaten *Greiffen* in her wake. And as she passed, from ship to ship ran a frenzied roar of cheering, until eight thousand throats were greeting her in one magnificent burst of sound. But Peter lay very still, with his eyes closed, and Barry bent over him anxiously. Presently the tired eyes opened, and there was a message in them.

"What is it, dear old chap?" asked Barry, gulping and bending low.

"I say—Barry—*what*—a—fight!" said Peter softly, and spoke no more.

And the rolling thunder of British cheers was the last sound that he heard.

"SEND US THE 'ROYAL'!"

"I need not tell you how fond of the ROYAL we are out here, and we certainly do revel in your theatrical features."

This is only one of the many appreciative comments of the fighting men who look to the ROYAL to cheer up their dull moments, and to you to see that they get it.

Your part is so simple. Just hand as many copies of the ROYAL as you can collect over the counter at any post-office. They must be clean and in good condition, but without wrapping of any kind. They cannot be sent to any particular soldier or sailor, but will be distributed among the troops to the very best advantage.

"Tommy's" leisure is often of the spasmodic order, and that's why short stories and brief, breezy articles are the very thing for him. He will fight twice as well if he is in good spirits, so—well, it's up to you, isn't it?

The LETTERS of a FLAPPER

In spite of her vast experience April was not always successful in smoothing out the love affairs of her friends. Here she relates the disastrous results attendant on her services to the country-bred Amelia Strent.

UNCLE MINE.

You remember the story of the bad man on his way to execution to whom the judge said: "Varlet, I give thee one more chance; marry my daughter and thou art free!" And the bad man, one of the knuts of the period, replied: "Let's have a look at her, your worship." And when he had seen the daughter he turned to the driver of the contemporary Black Maria, and said: "Drive on the cart!"

Well, that is more or less how I feel at the moment, and it is entirely the fault of Amelia Strent and my own good nature.

You remember Amelia, no doubt. Her people live down at Foxbridge, where they have broad acres. I'm obliged to go and stay with them every year 'cos mother makes me. Amelia always gives me a kiss of welcome, and wears decent muslin dresses on Sundays, made by the village idiot—dressmaker, I mean—with a hat trimmed with roses above, and black glacé kid shoes and ribbed black cashmere stockings below.

However, Romance bounced into little Amelia's life nevertheless, shot there by a bomb explosion I should think. I arrived at Foxbridge Manor to find people going about with their fingers on their lips, as it were, and that desperately roguish look in their eyes which always means a love affair in country circles of the good old-fashioned kind. Amelia came and told me about it in my bedroom, for your bedroom is never your own in these places. All the females of the family ramble in and out like visitors to a side-show at an exhibition.

"I am engaged to be married, April, darling," she blithered, with that quiet, resigned smile on her pudding face, which froze solid at the sight of my *crêpe Georgette* undies and silk stockings. (I had to go on changing for dinner. I knew she would never leave me. She only has to put on slippers and her grandmother's locket herself. The rest remains.)

"Darling!" I retorted. "How lovely! Who is it?"

"Cecil Lovett," she announced simply, and blushed. They always blush.

Now Amelia really staggered me without knowing it. You see, Cecil Lovett, whose broad acres adjoin Mr. Strent J.P.'s is one of those people whose delicate nervous systems won't let them join either of the Services.

"How *ripping*, dear. Let me see, what's his regiment?" I said.

"He hasn't *got* a regiment," she replied maternally, just as she might have said: "He *never* does anything wrong." "He's too delicate, poor fellow."

I tied the ribbons of an evening cammy in silence. It may have been brutal, but that was how I felt.

However, among the dinner guests occurred a certain Lord Goring, a captain in the A.S.C.M.T., who drives, he told me, an

"I am engaged to be married, April, darling," she blithered, with that quiet, resigned smile on her pudding face, which froze solid at the sight of my *crêpe Georgette* undies. [Page 429, col. 1.]

"Tell me what to do," pursued Amelia anxiously. "You are a fast sort of girl, so different from me. You understand men. Shall I tell him how cruel he is to p-poor little me?"

I—a fast sort of girl! *Figurez vous*, Uncle, she said that of me, April, your niece. But then, anyone in silk stockings is fast in these places. Besides, I had on a linen suit cut by Camille.

"No, Amelia, I shouldn't tell him that," I counselled at length. "It would show him the power he has over

8-cylinder Golliwog with exhaust pipes like a main drain, a most fascinating creature. Indeed, he returned the next day in the Golliwog, which has no doors, so that you have to climb up over the side on little steps and show more leg than even a female 'bus-conductor, only they have gaiters. Amelia thought it was dangerous and unladylike; so I went alone, and we had tea at the Langdale Arms in the next county. I really felt alive again.

On my return, will you believe me, Uncle dearest? I found Amelia sobbing most untidily on my bed—a perfectly disgusting thing to do, for these country maidens cry real wet tears, and gulp and make noises like the last pint or so running out of a bath. Being her father's guest I restrained my feelings, lit a dear little *Con Amore* cigarette Alaric (Lord Goring) had given me, and asked what the trouble was.

Amelia looked up, all swollen and purple-faced.

"You're s-s-smoking!" she gasped.

"I know," I said. "It won't hurt you. Tell me what's the matter."

"Cecil do-doesn't love me any more. Of c-course, the engagement isn't announced yet. Only about tw-twenty-five people know so far. And he made eyes at the Vicarage girl all through tea!"

I didn't blame him. Her clothes are rotten, but she wears them perfectly, and she's pretty as well.

I restrained my feelings, lit a dear little *Con Amore* cigarette . . . and asked what the trouble was.

Alaric told me beneath an enormous cedar tree, the very night it happened. . . . A tear trickled down my cheek. I was so sorry for him.

you. You had better flirt instead with Lord Goring. That will make Cecil sit up. And then he will come to me for comfort, and I'll tell him what a pig he's been."

"You shan't tell my Cecil any such thing. I believe you want to get him for yourself. And, anyway, Lord Goring wouldn't flirt with me!"

"He will if I ask him to. I'll tell him he may kiss me—just once—if he flirts with you for two days. And I don't want Cecil; I want men, not rabbits," I explained slowly.

Well, dearest Uncle, I needn't labour the description of our little plot. It's an old, old stunt, and you must have worked it thousands of times when you cared about girls—oh, long ago, of course. But it's new to Foxbridge, and it went great guns. When I had finished with Cecil he nearly wept over my third-best dinner gown in the summer-house.

"I have been a brute, a perfect brute," he moaned.

But, oh, Uncle, you will never guess the tragic ending. I will tell you. As a result of the two days' flirtation, Alaric has become engaged, openly, to Amelia Strent. You see, only about twenty-five people ever knew of her secret understanding with Cecil Lovett, and that is nothing in the country. I should never have believed she would be so fickle.

Alaric told me beneath an enormous cedar tree, the very night it happened. I knew something was the matter by his wild, sad face and the forlorn way in which he kissed my girlish shoulder.

"I had to do it," he groaned. "She simply reeks of money, and I'm broke—broke to the wide, wide world, April. Even the Gollywog is mortgaged."

A tear trickled down my cheek. I was so sorry for him. He kissed it away, and we went in. Later, Cecil Lovett, piqued by Amelia's faithlessness, proposed to me. . . .

I simply had to leave after that. But it is little better here, Uncle. Mother called me a fool for not accepting him. You see, he's frightfully well off and very old family and all that sort of rot. But Cecil—and after the Amelia episode, too.

I'm going to elope with Georgie Cavendish, of the Submarine service.

Yours brokenly,

APRIL.

I'm going to elope with Georgie Cavendish, of the Submarine service.

CRACK CAVALRY.

By Adriano Monaco.

These types of French and Italian cavalry are from the brush of Signor Adriano Monaco, an Italian artist now serving with the Colours. The descriptions under the pictures lose nothing from the quaint wording of our gallant Ally, who supplied them.

Italian officers receive their instruction in two great military institutions—the military school of Modena for infantry and cavalry, and the military academy of Turin for artillery and engineers. For final polish they go afterwards to other different schools.

French officers are instructed at Saint-Cyr, Fontainebleau, and Saumur, where the cavalry officers get their finishing touches.

Before the war, the Italian cavalry schools of Pinerolo and Tor di Quinto, near Rome, had a high reputation in the sporting world, as they furnished the Italian army with those

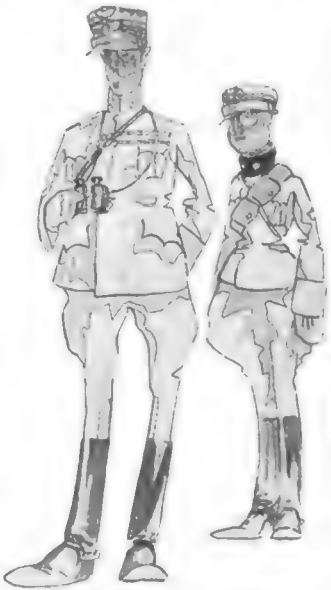
A French Hussar looking rather angry. Perhaps he realises he is getting a little too fat, and finds a chair is a better seat than a saddle!

An Italian Dragoon officer. This one does not look angry. He does not look fat either.

A recruit. Looks like it.

A French heavy cavalry officer. A very heavy officer on a graceful and light little horse.

A native Lancer from the Eritrea Colony. He is barefoot and looks rather fierce.



A General and his Aide-de-Camp in drill order.

A French Dragoon trumpeter, proud of the red horse-hair on his helmet (common troopers have black!) and of his red, white, and blue collar (common troopers have white!).

It rains. The officer is an Italian Lancer with a waterproof. The waterproof shines, for it rains.

accomplished horsemen, who have been so greatly admired in many horse competitions. Thanks to this, the Italian cavalry have acquired the world-famous reputation of being the best in Europe, which fame the French cavalry always contested with them.

To the perfection of their art, cavalry officers have always given the best of their attention, in Italy as well as in France. No matter if it was hard to get promotion, the ambition to create a record in jumping or any similar kind of sport was always eagerly sought.

The cavalry officers, besides being soldiers, were proud to be sportsmen, and frequently came from rich and distinguished families. They mingled in the world of fashion, and frequented

An Italian light cavalry soldier. He wears the old uniform—black coat, grey breeches with black stripes, and black fur colback.

theatres, races, and society functions, where the silver of their buttons and the brilliancy of their uniforms and facings made a splendid display.

The French cavalry had different corps with showy uniforms, but the regiments were distinguished only by numbers. In the Italian cavalry the regiments of dragoons, lancers, and light cavalry still keep the old names of towns, regions, and Sovereigns—most glorious names, recalling deeds such as would inspire both officers and men.

Each regiment has facings of a different colour, and a gathering of smart officers of various regiments would give a painter a good opportunity to show his skill as a colourist.

The colour of their collar or of the facing of their trousers was of the utmost importance to officers, some, it is said, favouring a particular regiment because they preferred the facings adopted by that regiment to those of any other. Consequently,

A Sergeant of the French Chasseurs d'Afrique, sketched from life as he walked on the Promenade des Anglais, in Nice.

before the war, when it was not compulsory, there were few cavalry officers with the grey-green field uniform, because there was nothing distinctive about it.

The French Army, when war broke out, was not furnished with a field uniform that would render the men inconspicuous against the green of the fields or the sombre background of rocks and mountains. This was hastily provided when the necessity of such a measure became apparent.

Italy, on the contrary, was one of the first to adopt a uniform of a greenish-grey colour, and without all those metal facings whose shining surfaces make the men conspicuous even at great distances. In these uniforms even the buttons are so covered that the men can lie down on the ground and get up without grass or bits of earth adhering to them.

A few months after the outbreak of war it was found that even with the greenish-grey uniforms the officers could still be made out amidst their men, at the close quarters characteristic of this war, by the few differences in uniform.

The same regimental dress as that of the privates was accordingly ordered for officers. The badges of rank are marked with little stars on the sleeves, and are scarcely visible; except for this, there is no difference whatever between the uniform of a general and that of a simple soldier. The officers no longer carry a sword, but only a revolver. The swords of the cavalry have been oxydised to prevent their shining in the sun.

In the present war, and especially on the Italian front, which runs almost entirely along the mountains, cavalry have been little employed, and have been for the most part dismounted. The true sovereigns of the battlefield are at present the humble infantry, tenacious, fearless, and proud of their old privilege of being in the forefront of the battle.

For the present the cavalrymen are employed in the trenches, for the service of the machine-guns, in scouting, and to assist the artillery. The officers may be disappointed, but they hope to make up for it when the general advance shall bring the troops on to the plain, and charging will be at last possible.

A smart Captain of the Italian light cavalry. White collar with blue "flames," blue trousers with white stripes, white facings on the sleeves, silver buttons and silver sword.

Tilda's Party

By
Christine Jope-Slade.

"A dream
Of youth, which night and time
have quenched for ever,
Still, dark, and dry, and un-
remembered now."

I.

She shoved back her riot of brown curls and looked at him with brown, monkey-wise eyes.

"That laidy you sent me to yesterday guv me 'arf a crown; you bet I 'aven't let on to the ole beast, neither!"

From behind the blistered door the doctor had just closed came the wail of a new-born infant. His eyes were dark-rimmed and weary, and he glanced lovingly out of the filthy landing-window, stuffed with dirty rag where it was broken, to the neat, green door and shining brass knocker of his own house opposite. The smell of chloroform and fried kippers and beer mingled.

"Ain't yer goin' to say nuffink, doc?"

"Why, sure, Tilda; it's fine!"

"'Ere! I'm going to give a party wiv it!"

"A party?"

He glanced down involuntarily. There was something so tragically ludicrous about this little slum child with her drunken father and her two poor little rooms, and a party!

"It's my money!" she said savagely. "I earned it! The ole beast didn't!"

He essayed an inquiry as to the old beast. Her eyes narrowed, her head sank, the slight hump became an actual deformity. She looked like a little shaggy, grotesque monkey crouched there, and yet her cloud of soft, silky, carefully-tended hair and her wise, grave brown eyes were beautiful.

"Slinky Sam's out again—out last week, and he and dad are moonin' about. Up to no good, I bet! Sam only comes up 'ere when I'm out. I wish if they was going to get copped they'd get copped quick."

"Tilda," the doctor reminded her gently, "you know I want you to leave your father; you know——"

"I carn't!" she told him. "Straight, I carn't! I've tried, and always I've wondered if he'd come 'ome tight, an'—an' I've come back to look arter 'im again. It's an 'abit."

The doctor smiled involuntarily. He knew that the bibulous Malins stood in terror of his seventeen-year-old daughter, her sharp tongue, and her straight aim, but he knew also the desperate, almost superhuman efforts made to keep him from backsliding, the constant and unceasing effort to keep the wretched little home from going to pieces, the careful fight for cleanliness and respectability that went on behind the door against which she leant.

"I want yer to come ter my party!" she said breathlessly. "Oh! go on, Doc, say you'll come! Be a sport!"

"Why don't you keep the money——"

"I've always wanted ter give a party, ever since I was a brat. Mother and me always talked about it—wot we'd give 'em to eat an' what I'd wear. Once I saw a party—a real party—through a big winder. I was on top of a 'bus an' there they was sittin' like they do in the pictures and drinkin' an' eatin' an' jawin'—a whole 'cap of 'em, men and wimmin."

Everyone is born with a secret ambition, a dream they carry locked in their hearts. Sometimes it keeps them straight, sometimes

Dr. Benny . . . sat down quietly and pulled up his chair. "I remember my mater used to give me tins and tins of sardines to take back to school," he said. (Page 435, col. 2)

it sends them crooked—according to its strength and their own. Queer little ambitions, trifling dreams some of them, difficult to understand, impossible to sympathise with—yet always reaching up in their pathos, their funniness, or their greatness towards the unobtainable.

Looking into Tilda's eyes the doctor knew that the giving of a party had been her dream and ambition.

"I'd like to come awfully," he said. "When is it to be?"

She lifted the queer, shining eyes to his face.

"To-morrer," she told him. "Can't wait no longer. 'Ere, what's the—the fashionable time?"

"Four o'clock, I think," he told her. "I'm not quite sure."

"Righto—four o'clock to-morrer."

When he reached his little surgery the waiting-room was packed with patients. His old soldier servant shuffled in and took his coat and hat.

"House full," he observed, with a nod towards the outer door; the sounds of "You Were the First One to Teach Me to Love" drifted through the closed door. "It's old Ma Plunkett," he confided apologetically. "She's a bit on to-night, sir. Shall I give 'er the bird?"

"No, I'll see her. Show the first one in. Have they got their numbers? Right. No, wait a minute."

He drew his appointment book towards him and wrote on the crowded space for the following day:

"Tea with Tilda, 4 o'clock."

II.

The doctor's window, neatly curtained in white and green chintz, looked direct on to the slum flats opposite, where Tilda lived.

The doctor sat at his desk with the April sunshine falling across his papers and studied *The Lancet*, and every now and then his kind, keen eyes travelled to the window.

He saw Tilda go out in her little black shawl and hat, and he saw her return carrying sundry parcels and a bunch of yellow daffodils, a tin of sardines, a loaf, a quarter of a pound of tea, a small pot of jam, a confectioner's bag, a tin of condensed milk; all these revealed themselves frankly to him as she dashed in the doorway.

The doctor smiled and lit a cigarette.

By and bye he saw her father and the man they called Slinky Sam slink by, dirty, unkempt, less like men than furtive animals waiting for darkness and the chance to overthrow the rules of civilisation, and spring.

A little later he saw Tilda go out again.

There was something almost jaunty about the way she walked, a certain youthful joyousness. Her eyes and her beautiful hair and her clumsy boots shone, and the little cheap, spotless collar gave her an air of well being, almost of prosperity.

The young doctor's eyes were very gentle as he watched her; then through his window he saw her father and Slinky Sam.

They had watched her go.

The father smiled, nodded, and gripped Slinky Sam's arm; together they entered the tenement flats.

After a while they came out again and Slinky Sam drew out a red cotton handkerchief and wiped his mouth.

The doctor frowned and lit another cigarette.

III.

Punctually at four Doctor Benny crossed the road and climbed the stairs, past crawling children and sleeping cats, to Tilda's flat.

Tilda opened the door to him.

The joy and radiance was gone from her, but she sought to simulate both at the sight of him.

"Come in, Doc. I've bin expectin' yer. Tea's ready. I asked the Duchess of Tiddleum, but she couldn't come; she's 'avin' another h'operation, pore dear!"

"Yes, I met the Duke," said the doctor, gravely entering into it. "He told me they were obliged to postpone the ball on the third. Were you going?"

"Ho yes! I'd got a new dress—pink silk it were. 'Ere, come on, Doc, the tea's gettin' cold."

Then the doctor saw that his suspicions had not been unfounded.

Slinky Sam had had reason to wipe his mouth. A few sardines were left. He saw the empty tin on the dirty plates on the sideboard. Three pieces of bread and butter and a bun and a little raspberry jam, turned out on a saucer, were all her uninvited guests had left of her royal feast. He saw the empty jam-pot, carefully scraped, in the sink.

"I—I 'ope you don't think me rude," said Tilda brightly. "I—I couldn't wait. I—I 'ad my tea."

Her face was quite white and her eyes were the hardest, bitterest things he had ever seen in a young face, but her mouth was smiling gaily and unfalteringly.

"Those sardines are a bit o' orl right. I—I'm afraid I pitched into 'em a bit!"

Her eyes challenged him anxiously.

Dr. Benny accepted the challenge. He sat down quietly and pulled up his chair.

"I remember my mater used to give me

tins and tins of sardines to take back to school," he said. "Jolly fine tuck."

"Do you like 'em?" she queried eagerly, depositing the four on his plate and handing him the bread and butter.

The doctor demolished the lot.

He knew that to plead a small appetite or to urge her to share his repast would be to betray knowledge of the meaning of the empty pot and tin and the short rations.

He finished the bun, though he thought it would have choked him, so acutely aware was he of her hungry eyes.

When he had cleared the table he leant back with a little sigh.

"That was a top-hole spread," he said. "Now, may I smoke?"

She had flushed with pleasure, her brown eyes were shining mistily. She dropped him a little curtsy.

"The Dook always smokes 'is pipe," she told him, twinkling elfishly. "The Duchess don't 'arf go on at 'im for it, neither!"

He drew his briar from his pocket.

"The Duke knows what's what," he smiled. "With your permission I'll light up?"

"Don't mention it," begged his hostess.

When he had smoked his pipe he thanked her for her hospitality, and pleaded that he must get back to his patients.

"If you should see the Dook tell 'im I'm awfully upset about the Duchess."

"Certainly!" he promised, his hand on the door. "You must come to tea at my little place in town one day when she's comin'g."

"'Ere," she said, "are you rottin' or do you mean that bit about comin' to tea wiv yer?"

"I mean it," he assured her. "We'll fix it one day soon."

When he was at the other side of the door he put his head against the crack and waited.

By and bye came the sound that he had expected. It was a woman child sobbing as if her heart would break.

TO A CROSS LADY.

Rage not, in stockings divinely diaphanous,
  Straining their silken, miraculous mesh;
Set not your Pom, your mongoose, your giraffe on us,
  Eager to feed its fierce fangs with our flesh;
By all your garments of tender significance,
  Charmeuse and *crêpe-de-Chine* soft as the dove,
Merciful, melting, in modish magnificence,
  Banish our sorrow and list while we love.

Night-clubs are powerless to break the monotony
  Portioned to exiles proscribed by your frown;
Money is useless, for those who have got any,
  Best be run over, take poison, or drown.
Dream-haunting eyes, one incarnate temptation,
  Dream-scented tresses that whisper above,
Render, restore us our one occupation,
  Banish our sorrow and list while we love

Are not your shoulders, divorced from their drapery,
  Moulded in milk, when we take you to dine,
Whiter by far than the restaurant's napery?
  Is not your voice more seductive than wine?
Come back, on feet the despair of the goddesses,
  Let us but kiss the extremes of your glove,
Lead us in deathless Arcadian Odysseys—
  Banish our sorrow, and list while we love.

François.

WORRY.

By Jessie Pope.

The Worry Cow would have lived till now
If she'd only saved her breath,
But she feared the hay wouldn't last all day
So she choked herself to death.
—Nursery Rhyme.

In Webster's Dictionary worry is defined as "a state of undue solicitude," and in my opinion that definition just hits the mark. In this country there have always been a certain number of chronic worriers, whose own personal welfare caused them unremitting anxiety. But, since the war, this small standing army has been recruited by hundreds and thousands, and the "undue solicitude," which hangs like a cloud of poison gas over so many British inglenooks, is no longer manufactured for personal indulgence, but to benefit some particular individual busily engaged at some distant spot in serving his King and country, and making no bones about it either.

"What's the use of worrying?" says a popular song. And, after all, what *is* the use? If worry could achieve its object, that is to say, if it could insure absolute safety, absolute comfort, absolute happiness, absolute well-being for ourselves or our dear ones, there might be some sense in it. But worry achieves nothing for its devotees but sleepless nights, haggard faces, and irritable dispositions. Destiny fulfils its course, and while we inhabit this vale of woe—and it's not such a bad place, really—we must learn to take the rough with the smooth and make the best of what comes along, remembering, for our consolation, that nothing is so bad but it might be worse.

I am often faced with the argument that not being a parent myself I know nothing of a parent's feelings, and, of course, I have to admit the fact. But I do know one thing, that there has been a tremendous amount of good worry wasted in this war, and I think most people, looking back on the experience of the last two years, will recall many incidents to prove my statement.

Now take, for example, the case of a friend of mine, a stalwart if youthful "snottie" somewhere in the North Sea. It had been his custom to write home once a week, and the letters, when thoroughly assimilated by the family, were sent the round of his relatives, registered, of course. This was a dangerous practice. I don't mean that they weren't read with appreciation and posted back carefully, but that it led to an aggravation of the subsequent trouble. For at last it happened that ten days went by and no letter arrived, and worry clouds began to bank up to windward.

By the end of a fortnight an impenetrable gloom closed down on that inglenook and coloured daily life with a grey tinge of nervousness. Maiden aunts and grandmothers, scenting danger from afar, expressed sympathy and apprehension in frequent letters and telephone calls. Then came rumours of naval activity, and every mind leapt with an agile bound to the worst conclusion—that the boy was at the bottom of the sea, with the whistling wind and the sombre breakers singing his dirge.

By the time three weeks had gone by hope was dead, hearts were numb, and eyes almost

Feminine intuition is not always to be relied upon, so don't worry when it whispers that your particular soldier will never come back from the Front.

too worn with sleeplessness to read the longed-for letter. For it *did* arrive at last, the writer remarking casually that he was afraid it was a bit late, but they'd be glad to hear he'd been having some jolly good golf at his ship's base, and quite a decent bit of rabbiting as well.

I admit in the matter of letter writing the fighting forces may be a trifle casual. They know their people at the other end are going strong, and since their constant parcels and letters from home are very acceptable, they always intend to acknowledge them "to-morrow, anyhow."

There was a young sub. of my acquaintance who acted on the "to-morrow, anyhow," habit so long that at last his desperate parent dispatched a prepaid telegram, determining with calm despair to know the worst. The reply came in due course, and read as follows: "I'm all right, merry and bright; don't take fright, writing to-night."

Everybody has heard of that faculty our sex possesses which goes by the name of feminine intuition. It is a curious, not to say uncanny, psychical phenomenon, and it has been particularly active since England made up her mind that the Kaiser had got to be "strafed."

About two months ago a cousin of mine called to say good-bye on his way to rejoin his battery at the Front. He was just the ordinary type of a gay and nutty "second loot," and his name really *was* Reggie. We had always been congenial spirits, appreciating each other's jests and getting as much fun as possible out of life. Our parting was conducted with cousinly affection and cheeriness, and I stood and waved a vigorous good-bye when he had finally got a move on his small racing car (she was always a bad starter) and disappeared round a bend in the road.

And then, as I turned back to the house, there came that sudden cold pang of feminine intuition, and *I knew I should never see Reggie again*. We had had our last laugh together. I should never set eyes on his fresh, boyish face with that dear little tooth-brush moustache any more. That good-bye, so carelessly spoken, was good-bye for ever. I knew it, with all the force of my unerring feminine intuition, and yet the first thing I saw next morning when I went out shopping was Reggie in his racing car, coming back with the news that a W.O. telegram had cancelled all previous arrangements, and he wasn't going after all!

So much for unerring feminine intuition; I haven't had any use for it since.

Even in war-time "undue solicitude" is not always vicarious, and Zeppelin raids have made many people sit up and think about their own safety. But there's a lot of good worry wasted over these silver sausages that fly by night, all the same. I know a woman, a young and sporting woman, too,

Zeppelin raids are responsible for a lot of needless anxiety, and many otherwise plucky girls lose their nerve and fly at the first hint of an alarm.

One householder who lived in dread of Zeppelins kept his family on the move from cellar to garden during a raid, unable to decide between the fear of being buried beneath the ruins of his house or annihilated by falling shrapnel outside.

who has good looks and good-humour, who rides straight and is ready for any risk on the hunting-field, who nevertheless is obsessed with a panic fear of Zeppelins.

One night a bomb fell in a field a mile or so from her house, and since then her otherwise practical mind dwells incessantly on a recurrence of the episode. What to do, where to go, how to keep safe, is the burden of her anxious inquiries. Pitying her restless condition, I tried the balm of sympathy and encouragement, but my efforts failing to bring relief, she turned her plaintive queries on another friend, notorious in our sporting circle for his calm judgment and shrewd foresight.

"Well, look here," he said gravely, "if you really want to be absolutely safe when they come over next time, I tell you what you'd better do. You know the hole the bomb made in the meadow?"

Know it? Didn't she always shudder when she went within a mile of it!

"Well, when the next alarm comes and you hear the trains have stopped running, nip down to that hole and tuck yourself cosily inside. It's a million to one against another bomb falling in exactly the same place."

For a moment she debated the matter seriously, till somebody giggled, and then, with an offended, crestfallen air, the poor thing wandered away desolately to seek further advice.

Talking about Zeppelin-worriers reminds me of a suburban householder I know intimately, who made his household sleep in their clothes, including boots, for three nights after a neighbouring raid, and whose "undue solicitude" for himself and family became absolute frenzy on the night itself. At the first alarm of distant firing he marshalled his flock into the cellar, and for some minutes listened to the dull, ominous reverberations until he remembered the peril of being buried beneath the ruins of the domicile, and his cheek paled.

"Come outside!" he ejaculated fiercely, and hustled them all into the garden, where they stood round him, clutching jewel-boxes and household pets in their arms. Then, while they watched the shells feeling their way among the searchlights for their quarry, the possibility of fragments of shrapnel falling on defenceless skulls occurred to his harassed mind, and "Come indoors!" he vociferated, and hurried them back to the cellar.

A bomb dropped rather closer—not more

than two miles away—and once more, electrified by the terror of being trapped like rats in the ruins, he swept his little lot out on the lawn, until, the pendulum of his apprehension swinging back to the alternative danger, down he rushed them to the lower regions again.

This went on until at last the family, sick of the Box and Cox business, struck out a line for itself, and stood stolidly by the garden gate, where they found the spectacle of the long silver pencil in the searchlight, turning tail and vanishing for good and all in a cloud of vapour, sufficiently distant to be exhilarating.

We are not all eligible for active service, more's the pity. It is only a few fortunate millions who can benefit in mind and body by that never-failing rest cure from worry—camp life. Do you know why the pale, weedy, hollow-cheeked city men grow hard and muscular, bright-eyed and robust, when they don the popular kit? I do. It's because they don't worry.

They eat and sleep, keep their buttons bright and submit to discipline—however petty some of it may appear to civilian minds—*but they don't worry*. They have left their ties and responsibilities behind them; they had no choice in the matter, and they don't worry. The war has got them in its grip, as it has got all of us. If misfortune comes, at least it is not of our own making. We are driven along by a big, irresistible force, and if we struggle against it we shall only exhaust ourselves, for we might as well expect "undue solicitude" to stop the clouds from raining or the wind from blowing.

They call us the weaker sex; so we may be, but don't let them call us the worrying sex as well. No: that women enjoy the monopoly of worry, for nowadays there are members of the stronger sex who run us pretty close in the matter, though, of course, they won't admit it.

When you meet an anxious father nowadays—and by the new streaks of grey in his hair you shall know him—you don't say: "How d'ye do?" or "Wretched weather!" or that sort of thing. You say: "How's the boy?" and he is alert and interested in a moment, though he generally replies:

"Well, we haven't heard from the young rascal lately."

"No news is good news," you assert with conviction. He agrees half-heartedly, and adds:

"Ah! but he ought to write more. You see—er—er—*his mother* worries a good deal."

I know it's hard not to sit down and begin imagining things, but intuition is notoriously untrustworthy, and when it lifts the curtain and shows us our soldier lying wounded and alone in "no man's land" he is probably really engaged in consuming a hearty meal, though no doubt grumbling a bit about the quality of the cooking.

As a last word to worriers, I should like to quote a little verse by Wallace Irwin, which I think every victim of "undue solicitude" might learn by heart with advantage:

"Suppose that this 'ere vessel,"
says the skipper, with a groan,
"Should lose 'er bearings, run
away, and bump upon a stone?
Suppose she'd shiver and go
down, when save ourselves we
couldn't?"
The mate replies:
"Oh, blow my eyes!
Suppose, agin, she shouldn't!"

Finally the family settled matters by watching both Zeppelin and searchlight from the garden gate.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Photo Underwood & Underwood.

A raft built of goatskins, bearing a batch of recruits for the Turkish Army.

A GOATSKIN RAFT.

MANY strange and wonderful things are to be met with in Eastern countries, and one of the most curious of these things is the raft—or *kelek*—used by the Turks. This is built of goatskins, and is quite a commodious affair.

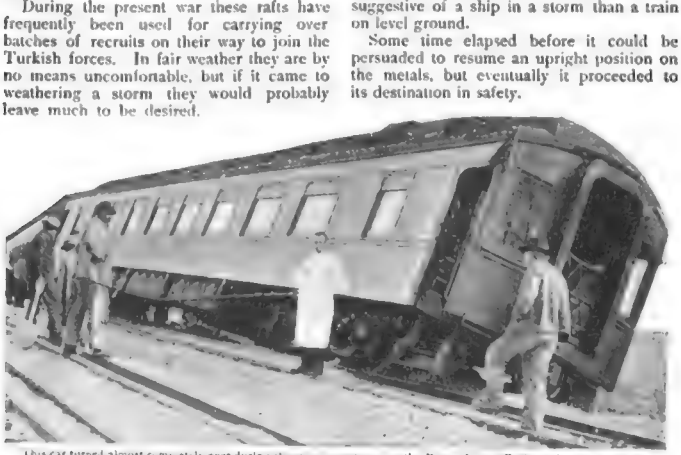
During the present war these rafts have frequently been used for carrying over batches of recruits on their way to join the Turkish forces. In fair weather they are by no means uncomfortable, but if it came to weathering a storm they would probably leave much to be desired.

NEARLY A CATASTROPHE.

LUNCHEON was an utterly spoilt meal when, during shunting operations at a small junction on the Pennsylvania Railway, the last car, which was also the dining-car, on the Pittsburg train, decided to break the monotony by performing an acrobatic feat.

The passengers, blissfully ignorant of the shock to come, were peacefully lunching, when the car turned almost completely over. The startled occupants deserted everything, and made a wild jump for dear life, but the car, having achieved its object and made a marked sensation, contented itself by remaining on the track in a poise more suggestive of a ship in a storm than a train on level ground.

Some time elapsed before it could be persuaded to resume an upright position on the metals, but eventually it proceeded to its destination in safety.



This car turned almost completely over during shunting operations on the Pennsylvania Railway, but by wonderful luck righted itself and remained on the track in the position shown.

AN EPITAPH IN VERSE.

QUAINTLY-WORDED epitaphs are often found in the graveyards of country churches. A good example is to be seen over a grave in the village cemetery of Shruleybury, in Berkshire.

This consists of a ten-line verse extolling the merits of one Joseph Rogers, a former parish clerk. He seems to have been a busy and a versatile man, excelling both in singing and bricklaying.

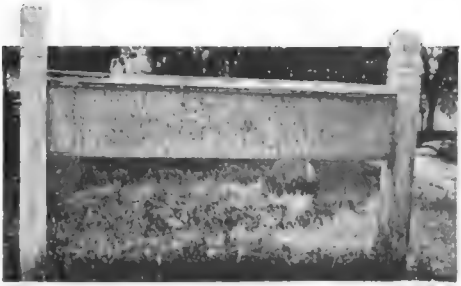


Photo A. W. Cutler.
A quaint epitaph in the village cemetery of Shruleybury, Berks.

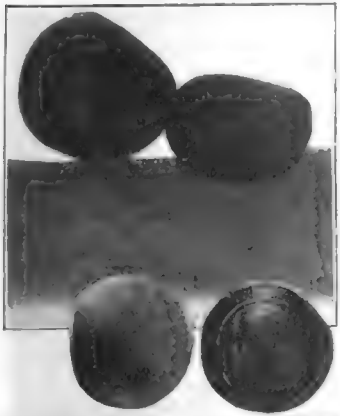


Photo J. R. C[illegible]
These two coins, a French and an English one, were taken out of the pocket of a soldier at the Front and entered another man's thigh.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

THESE two coins have a strange history, and belong to a soldier who was invalided from the Front with a wound in the thigh.

When the X-rays were brought to bear on the matter, the plate disclosed two mysterious-looking objects which were supposed to be flattened shrapnel bullets. However, when these objects had been removed, they proved to be not bullets, but two pennies—a French and an English one.

The most curious part of the whole affair is the fact that the coins were not in the pocket of the sufferer at the time he was hit, but were blown from the pocket of another man who was standing near him.

This is one way of acquiring your neighbour's wealth, though the process is a somewhat painful one!

"TOMMY" AND THE SPHINX.

THE SPHINX has a never-ending fascination for visitors to Egypt, and the soldiers who have been encamped in the desert during this war are particularly fond of climbing up this strange erection in order that a comrade may take a "snap" to be sent home to admiring relatives.

Photo [illegible]
This photograph gives a good idea of the enormous size of the Sphinx when compared with the soldier in the foreground.

The Secret of the Wilhelmstrasse.

By William Le Queux.

In his capacity as King's Foreign Service Messenger, Donovan of Downing Street led a life of continual risk and adventure. The following story relates how he foiled an enemy submarine of its prey.

The Honourable Hugh Donovan slowly paced his dingy abode, half photographic studio, and half living-room, in Packington Street, off the Essex Road. The evening was cheerless and dispiriting, for, though summer, the rain had been falling continuously, rendering that work-a-day district of London unusually drab and gloomy.

Donovan had not been near his rooms in Half Moon Street for weeks. Ten days ago he had returned from carrying dispatches to Rome. Upon his return to Downing Street he had been confronted by a very difficult problem.

His Chief had put a certain matter before him—a mystery which urgently required solution, but up to the present he could discern no key to the complicated situation.

Bettinson, his man, visited him from day to day, but as certain undesirable persons kept a very watchful eye upon his own going and coming, he preferred the secrecy of his hiding-place to the luxury of his cosy rooms in the West-End.

Nine days ago he had been closeted at Downing Street, and for an hour had listened attentively to the facts placed before him—facts supported by secret reports which were extremely confidential, and which were of a most serious nature. How to combat the peril was a complete enigma. Great Britain's diplomacy, firm and deeply established to win the war, would be iron-strengthened if only that problem could be solved.

Donovan of Downing Street paced that strangely incongruous room, his brows contracted, his jaw set, and his thin white hands clasped behind his back.

Suddenly he halted before the window and looked down upon the wet, dismal street.

"By Jove!" he muttered to himself. "I wonder! I wonder if I dare!"

With his mobile lips pressed together he stood for a few moments gazing earnestly out of the window. Then he muttered aloud:

"It hardly seems possible—hardly credible—a foolish idea of mine, no doubt. Yet the game is certainly worth the candle, a desperate game though it may be—a fool's hazard!"

Crossing to a side table he opened a big atlas, and examined closely the map of Northern Europe. Then he consulted an old "Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide"—there being no new issues in war time—and, lighting one of his exquisite Russian cigarettes, he threw himself into an old wicker arm-chair to reflect further.

Hugh Donovan was essentially a man of action. Ten minutes later, having decided upon a certain course, he at once set about pursuing it, even though it led him beyond the Arctic Circle.

Unlocking a cupboard he, with infinite care, drew out a large glass retort with a glass spirit-lamp, and, selecting several small phials, he mixed half-a-dozen liquids with the expert hand of a chemist, adding a small, measured quantity of distilled water. Then, holding the glass up to the fading light, he examined it.

Having placed the mixture in the glass retort, he lit the lamp beneath, and, taking from the cupboard a little leather-covered manuscript-book, he consulted it in order to verify the formula he had used.

Very soon — when the liquid became heated—the room was filled by a pungent, sweet, but sickening perfume of carnations.

The instant it greeted his nostrils Donovan started and gasped:

"What a confounded idiot I am!"

Dashing into his bedroom, which adjoined, he took from a drawer a hideous gas-mask with goggles, such as was being used in the trenches, and assumed it quickly. Then, returning to the room where the retort was bubbling with steam issuing from the long glass tube, he drew from beneath a table an iron cylinder of gas, which he opened with a key.

As he did so the two gases mingling created a strange, pale violet vapour which grew in its intensity until he could scarcely see through his goggles across the room.

Not disconcerted in the least, he turned the key in the door lest Mrs. Trayle, his estimable landlady, should inadvertently open it, and then, crossing to the table whereon stood the retort and its lamp, he examined its contents critically. Taking a pair of druggist's delicate glass scales, he weighed a small quantity of pale yellow crystals which he took from a little blue bottle, and with greatest care added them to the boiling liquid.

The effect was almost magical. In a second the pale violet mist, so curious a phenomenon in the London twilight, gave place to a haze of dark brick-red, while at the same moment there came a tap upon the door.

"Who's there?" asked Donovan impatiently.

"Me, sir—Bettinson!"

"All right. Wait a bit," replied his master. "Keep right away from the door. I'm doing some experiments."

"What a lovely scent of carnations, sir."

"Yes. But get away from it, Bettinson. The smell is bad for you. Go downstairs till I call you up—you understand?"

"All right, sir," replied the man, whose footsteps were next moment heard receding.

Hugh was timing the boiling of the liquid by his stop-watch. The place was filled with the pungent odour of carnations, sweet-smelling it was true, but frightfully deadly to anyone who chanced to take a single whiff of it—indeed, one of the most terrible of all the poisonous gases ever discovered by scientists.

At last Donovan, wearing his ugly gas-mask with the little bag of rubber at the mouth, decided that the liquid had reached its proper point of boiling, and mixing two other liquids which he took from the well-stocked cupboard which contained so many other strange compounds, he added them, together with a further thirty drops, carefully counted, of distilled water.

Almost instantly the atmosphere cleared, assuming its normal appearance. Donovan, seeing this, removed his hideous mask and sniffed slightly. The perfume of carnations had suddenly passed away. The air was no longer baneful or poisonous. Therefore, he opened the window, unlocked the door, and summoned Bettinson.

"I could smell the scent, sir," exclaimed the man with a grin, for this was not the first experiment he had seen his master make in his gas helmet. "Mrs. Trayle is puzzled. I told her somebody had probably broken a bottle of scent."

Donovan smiled as he bent over the retort, which was cooling in its stand upon the table.

"I'm leaving London to-morrow afternoon," he told his man. "Bring that number three bag to King's Cross Station to-morrow afternoon at four. Also these," and he handed him a slip of paper upon which he had jotted down some memoranda. "Ring up Captain Churston at the Admiralty at nine sharp to-morrow morning, and read very slowly this cipher message. He'll take it down."

He passed Bettinson a slip of paper upon which a line of puzzling numerals had been written, each in groups of seven figures.

"Captain Churston will understand it, and will ring you up later and give you a reply—also in figures, which you'll take down very carefully—mind! Bring them on to me," he added.

"Anything else, sir?"

"No, Bettinson. Help yourself to a drink over there, and get home," was the brief reply.

The well-trained man, as patriotic as his

master, poured himself out a drink, added some soda, and then swallowed it in silence. Afterwards he turned smartly and asked:

"No other orders, sir?"

"None," was his master's reply. "Good-night."

Next morning at eleven Mabel Metcalfe drove up in a small grey two-seater car against the kerb close to the "Angel" at Islington, and a moment later Hugh, raising his hat, sprang into the vacant seat beside his *fiancée*.

Hardly had the car come to a standstill when it moved off again towards Woodford, and through Epping Forest to Epping, where at the hotel, they both sat down to a pleasant little *tête-à-tête* lunch. While at table in a small private room Hugh suddenly said:

"I'm off again abroad at four this afternoon, darling."

He spoke casually, as though he were dining at the club that evening.

"Abroad!" exclaimed the pretty girl, utterly dismayed. "Where to, dear?"

"Well, I hardly know my destination yet," he laughed. "I never know now-a-days."

"But you are always so mysterious, Hugh," she protested with a pretty pout.

"Because I seldom know my exact goal," was his reply.

He spoke with much truth. His goal might at any moment be the grave. For him danger lurked everywhere—in mines, in submarines, or in betrayal as a secret agent of Great Britain. Yet she did not realise the true meaning of his words.

"I wish you'd keep this for me, dear—will you?" he went on, as from his pocket-book he drew a square blue envelope, the face of which was blank. Within there seemed to be several sheets of paper, together with what felt like a photograph mounted upon card, or a piece of cardboard. "Put it into your jewel-case and keep it securely till my return. Will you?"

"Certainly," was her reply. She examined it curiously, noting the three small red seals on the back. "But I'm awfully curious to know what is inside," she laughed.

"No doubt you are," he said merrily. "But it is only a cipher-key. I want to place it in safe keeping."

"Shall you be away long?"

"I have no idea, darling. Not very long, I hope. The mission is, however, an extremely delicate and difficult one. I only hope for good luck."

"I'm always so very anxious for your safety, dear," she said, eager and pale-faced, as she looked straight into his eyes.

He gazed at her long and steadily, with a look which showed how deeply he loved her. He uttered no word. He only took her hand across the table, pressing it reverently to his lips in silence more eloquent than words.

At four o'clock that afternoon Hugh Donovan alighted from a taxi at King's Cross Station, where Bettinson met him with two small foreign-looking portmanteaux. Hugh, wearing a rather loud suit of tweeds of distinctly foreign cut, and a soft felt hat of a shape seldom seen in London, presented a perfect type of the wealthy Italian visitor to England.

In the booking-office Bettinson gave him an envelope which contained the cipher message from Churston that had been dictated over the telephone. This Donovan studied for some moments.

What he deciphered must have puzzled him, for he pursed his lips, hesitated, and then dismissed his faithful valet, afterwards going to one of the little pigeon-holes, where he bought a first-class ticket for Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Eighteen days later Rudolph Heym, who—as his card and German passport showed—was a representative of the firm of Kahrn & Medenwaldt, manufacturers of meerschaum pipes, of 46 Sebastianstrasse, Berlin, was strolling with a cigarette in his mouth through the fish-market in the strong-smelling northern town of Tromsö, in Norway. He had visited all the tobacconists in that strange wood-built town, but had met with only small success. The samples of pipes he had shown were all of too expensive a character for that purely fishing population, and the orders he had booked were quite paltry.

He had already visited Bergen and Trondhjem with like result. The Norwegians did not seem to appreciate German pipes, for though they were neutrals, they seemed in no way inclined to foster German trade.

Rudolph Heym was staying at a somewhat primitive and uncomfortable little hotel, but neither that fact nor the lack of appreciation of his wares weighed very heavily upon his shoulders, for the simple reason that, if he took orders, it was for an imaginary firm. Indeed, Rudolph Heym was but the assumed name of the ever-ingenious Donovan of Downing Street, and the pipes he carried and exhibited as samples had been purchased by Bettinson from an importer of pipes in Aldersgate Street.

The fact was that the Honourable Hugh was in Norway upon an important and desperate mission, and that, in order to perform it, he was compelled to assume some occupation which would prevent his presence

in a neutral country from arousing any suspicion. Scandinavia being overrun by German commercial travellers, the guise he had assumed was certainly the best.

That sunny afternoon he sauntered down to the edge of the picturesque fjord with its blue waters and high, surrounding hills. Anchored outside were two dark grey destroyers flying the Norwegian flag, together with a number of black tubs of trawlers and one or two whalers, noticeable by the "crows'-nests" fixed to their foremasts.

Across, upon the opposite shore of the widening gulf that led towards the sea, was a cold, barren land—the outer edge of Lapland. Rudolph Heym halted at the edge of the quay, and was gazing across at the land of mystery as it rose in the blue mist, when suddenly an undersized, beady-eyed little man in oilskins—evidently one of the cod-fishers who trawl about the lonely Lofoden Islands and up beyond the North Cape—came up to him and whispered some words in French.

The man known as Heym made no remark. He merely raised his eyebrows.

A few more rapid words, when in order that attention should not be attracted by the meeting, the German traveller gave the man a match. The fisherman slowly lit his pipe, whispering quickly as he did so, and then, thanking Heym, he walked away.

Donovan, however, remained there, and, leaning upon a rail, gazed seaward calmly and thoughtfully. Within himself he was the reverse of calm. The secret message that the man had brought him told him much. He knew that there was no time to lose. Yet he also knew that two men who had stopped to chat had watched him meet the undersized little man in oilskins. For that reason he preserved an imperturbable calm.

Darkness had closed in quickly with scarcely any twilight, as it always does in that far northern latitude, when Donovan returned to his queer little hotel, paid his bill, and, carrying his two small bags containing his clothes and his samples of pipes, returned to the quay, where he found a large sea-going motor-boat moored.

As he stepped on board the three men—one of them the little undersized man in oilskins who had brought him the mysterious message—greeted him, and then they pushed off.

Next moment the boat was speeding along the fjord, the waters of which flowed dark and deep beneath the black shadow of the giant cliffs which towered above. The *teuf-teuf* of the engine awakened the echoes of those cold, lonely waters as the craft sped swiftly past the many small islands and out towards the open sea.

Hugh, who had put on his overcoat and turned up his collar against the cutting Arctic wind, had huddled himself in the stern and was chatting in French with the man who, seated before him, was steering.

At first the boat did not travel very fast, but as soon as they got out into the open water, past the flashing light which denoted the entrance to the fjord, the man in the sou'-wester increased the speed, causing a great wave to rise at the bows as the swift little craft, throbbing heavily, tore her way northward into the long black rollers of the Arctic Ocean.

"How long do you anticipate it will take us?" Donovan inquired of his companion, after having succeeded with considerable difficulty in lighting his pipe.

"We ought to be there in nine hours—if the weather doesn't get worse," replied the man in good English and in a refined voice which seemed incongruous in comparison with his clothes. "But, of course," he added, "we may get a nasty dusting in the Loppen Sea."

Rising and falling in the long black waves of that icy sea, the boat throbbed on through the darkening night. Only a single light showed far away to the east—some tramp steamer on her way down from Archangel and the North Cape.

Ever and anon a cloud of spray would catch Donovan, cutting his face and wetting his clothes until the undersized seafarer seeing it, produced a big yellow oilskin coat, into which Hugh struggled with some difficulty owing to the tossing of the boat.

Suddenly, quite near the light showing from the steamer, a second light began to wink.

"Hullo!" remarked the man at the driving wheel. "That steamer is being stopped by a patrol boat. Look!"

Then all four men saw signals rapidly exchanged.

The patrol boat inquired the name and destination of the steamer, to which a reply was flashed, apparently by a hand signal lamp, that she was a Dutch-owned boat, the *Nystad*, of Rotterdam, on her way from Vadsö with cod-liver oil and dried fish.

"Ah!" exclaimed the driver of the motor boat, straining his eyes. "They've stopped her! Something suspicious, no doubt! There are too many strange craft—mine-layers and disguised destroyers beyond the territorial waters here. I don't wonder that they keep a sharp look-out."

The patrol boat had now switched on her mast-head light, and, having ordered the tramp to stop, was fast approaching her.

Meanwhile, the boat upon which the Honourable Hugh was travelling moved swiftly on her course northward, showing no light except the tiny, well-shaded one over the compass. Beside the compass was a chart in a case with a face of celluloid, for in that rolling sea the boat was often awash.

Through the long night the powerful little craft kept up her rhythmic throb, a vibration which, after a while, became nerve-racking. Once, while speeding along in the inky blackness, they all four became suddenly blinded by the glare of a strong searchlight, apparently from a destroyer, but whether British, German, or Norwegian they had no means of knowing. The destroyer, though a mile away, had no doubt heard their boat's approach, and had shot out the beam in order to examine her.

For a full five minutes the white light was kept steadily upon her. Then the navigating officer of the destroyer, apparently reassured by his observation, shut off.

"Well—I hope you're satisfied," laughed Donovan.

"I hope he *is*," replied the man at the engine. "It would have been a bit awkward if they had fired upon us."

Donovan grinned in the darkness, but made no response.

When at last the cold, grey dawn began to break, so chill and dispiriting in the Arctic sea, they found themselves skirting the high, jagged rocks of the island of Arnö. A more wild or depressing scene could not be imagined. The sea was now dark and oily-looking, perhaps because of its great depths, the sky grey and snow-laden, the coast the most inhospitable in all the world, while the only sign of life was the thousands upon thousands of gulls hovering in the air, for it was the nesting-place of many of those gulls which the kindly folk feed in winter from the Thames Embankment.

The beady-eyed little man presently scrambled unsteadily forward, and from a locker produced a couple of large biscuit-tins, from which he took out two vacuum flasks of coffee, a generous supply of sandwiches, some bread, and several hunks of Norwegian cheese. Then, the boat slowing down, the whole quartette partook of a welcome meal.

"See over yonder!" exclaimed the man who still had one hand upon the steering-wheel while he held a sandwich with the other. With the sandwich he pointed to three smoky specks far away upon the horizon. "Look! There are two destroyers convoying a ship from England to Russia."

"The 'U' boats are now active up here—eh?" asked Donovan.

"There has been considerable activity lately," was the officer's reply in his good English. "Until three weeks ago we failed to discover their submarine-base, otherwise we should before this have taken steps to repress the serious menace to international shipping."

"Well," laughed Donovan, "better late than never—eh?"

From dawn until nearly noon the little boat still sped forward, now and then sighting the black, tub-like boats of the sturdy race of Norwegian cod-fishers, yet always out of sight of land, until at length a grey line rose directly before them, the wild, treeless island of Sôroe, which lay opposite that most northerly town in the world, the Arctic town of Hammerfest—that dismal dwelling-place which in winter has months of perpetual night.

Approaching the island they skirted the coast for nearly two hours until, of a sudden, they entered a small inlet, and for the first time ran into smooth water.

There, after a journey of fifteen hundred miles due north from London, Hugh disembarked upon the shingle, taking with him his two small hand-bags. His was a desperate mission, but his heart was ever stout and brave.

Two minutes later, after an exchange of good wishes, the commander of the motor-boat waved his hand cheerily, restarted his engine, and, turning sharply, put forth to sea again, leaving a long wake in the deep, still waters.

With a final glance Hugh Donovan picked up his two small hand-bags, and noticing a steep path which led up the rocks, began to ascend until, on reaching the top of the hill, he found himself looking down upon a small cluster of wooden houses, one of the most northerly hamlets in the world, called Rolfsvik.

As he gazed a nauseous odour greeted his nostrils. The little fishing settlement looked picturesque from where he stood, but fifteen minutes later, when he entered it, he found it very dismal and dirty, a place where the Laplanders, in their summer furs of the skin of the young reindeer, idled and smoked while the Norwegians repaired their boats and tackle; where no tree or flower had ever been seen; where the midnight sun shone through the June nights, and the beach was strewn with decaying fish-offal, the odour of which poisoned the air.

"Phew! By Jove!" muttered Hugh, holding his nose. "This is actually the end of the world!"

Half-an-hour later, in his pretended guise of Rudolph Heym, commercial traveller, he

had made the acquaintance and become the paying guest of an old Norwegian fisherman who lived in one of the log-cabins close to the shore, and who, curiously enough, spoke German well.

In the close, stuffy room, the window of which was not made to open—a room which smelt of fish and bad tobacco—the pair sat chatting. The old fellow, grey-bearded and rough-voiced, was a toiler of the sea, a man who had spent his whole life fishing for cod in those cold, dark waters off the North Cape. Hard-handed, hard-faced, hard-hearted he was, for the beauties of Nature had been denied him, as they are to all who inhabit those northern climes.

As Donovan sat there gossiping in German he was wondering how the old fellow was able to speak the language so well.

"Yes," the old man was saying. "The shipping takes the outside route around the island nowadays—out yonder. Before the war the route lay at the back of us—between the island and Hammerfest, on the mainland."

"Why has it been altered?"

"They're afraid of mines," I suppose, replied the old fellow with an evil grin. "But out yonder lots of ships pass and repass between Scotland and the Russian ports, Alexandrovsk or Archangel. It is the only direct trade route England has with Russia."

The old man then paused, looked straight in Donovan's face, and asked suddenly in a gruff voice:

"You really are German, eh?"

"Of course," was the ready reply, and the man from Downing Street showed his friend his passport.

Donovan was smiling within himself. His journey to that far-away island of Sôroe was not without its motive, neither was his meeting with that old fisherman purely accidental. He had known of him before he left the Essex Road, and it was with the distinct purpose of becoming on friendly terms with him that he had undertaken that long and uncomfortable journey north.

"Good!" remarked the old man at last. "Though I am Norwegian I am still a good German at heart, for my father was German, and I know what a great and wonderful country is the Fatherland."

"*Ja!* it is a great land, the Fatherland," declared Hugh piously, in order to encourage him.

"And its influence extends *here*," whispered the old man, bending towards Rudolph Heym. "Even on this island there are quite a dozen workers for the great Kaiser."

"Ah! That is good. How?" asked the younger man.

The old fellow's face was distorted into a demoniacal grin.

"Germany has established a trap for the British and Russian shipping," he said. "At the present moment we are waiting—waiting until we get word from our friends in England of the departure of certain ships which we know are to leave Scotch ports soon. Then we shall strike a heavy blow."

"Excellent!" laughed Donovan. "But how?" he added doubtingly.

Again the old chap lowered his voice and answered in a confidential tone:

"The 'U 00' is here! Indeed, she has been here over three weeks. I supply her with provisions, and with petrol that comes up from a good friend of mine in Stavanger."

Donovan smiled incredulously, saying:

"I've heard, on very good authority, that none of our submarines have been further north than Sogne Fjord."

"You doubt me!" exclaimed the old man. "Well, to-morrow she will be in to meet me for fresh provisions, and I'll take you over to see her—not far from here."

"Yes, do," exclaimed Rudolph Heym enthusiastically. "I have never seen one of our undersea boats which have done such daring work."

That night, before he threw himself upon the truckle bed in the room which adjoined his host's, he sat and listened. The old man's heavy tread was heard upon the bare boards, prior to going forth to meet his partner, whose boat was due back that night from fishing.

At last the old man stumped out, and Hugh was left alone in the little wooden house. Beneath the light of the oil-lamp he opened the bag containing his samples, and from it took a box of a hundred cigars, which he handled very carefully. Afterwards he smelt the box critically. Indeed, he smelt it half-a-dozen times, as though eager to discover some odour, and satisfied—or not satisfied—at its non-existence.

"A nice present—*these!*" he muttered to himself with a laugh. "I only wish I were able to give many more similar ones."

Then he replaced the box carefully, and, flinging himself down, soon fell asleep.

Next day, at about seven o'clock in the evening, Hugh, who had walked with the old fisherman for two hours across the wild, moss-grown moorland, over which the keen Arctic wind swept chill and biting, was shown by his friend a convenient and well-hidden cave in the limestone rock filled with provisions which he had during the past week brought over in his small fishing-boat from

Hammerfest. In the cave also were a dozen or so large iron drums filled with petrol.

At a certain spot a couple of hundred yards away, where the water ran deep right up to the beach, they waited for twenty minutes or so until, of a sudden, there appeared round the point the small grey conning-tower and periscope of a submarine showing just above the surface.

In the tower was an officer who, having examined the figures of Heym and his friend, waved his hand.

Suddenly the "U 00" stopped almost dead and with precision, and a collapsible boat was launched. Soon an officer and three men in naval uniform pulled ashore, the former greeting the fisherman as "my dear friend Veit."

The rough old fisherman then introduced Rudolph Heym to Commander Wilhelm Neuhaus, and, of course, the former, speaking his perfect German, expressed hope at their nation's success.

The Commander saw before him a good German assisting the old fellow Veit, and, after a few minutes' gossip, invited him to come on board with the first load of provisions.

"We have been at sea for six days—waiting to strike the blow. But the ships appear to be delayed." Then, turning to Veit, he asked:

"There is no news from England, I suppose?"

"None yet, Herr Commander. But it will come soon, never fear!"

With the humbleness that well became a commercial traveller from the celebrated firm of Kahrn and Medenwaldt of Berlin, Rudolph Heym begged that he might be allowed to offer to the crew as presents some of the sample pipes he had in his bag, a request that was at once granted.

Presently therefore, sitting upon a load of tins of preserved meats and vegetables, Hugh was rowed out to where the long grey hull of one of the latest of the enemy's super-submarines was lying.

On board he was warmly welcomed by the crew, numbering thirty-seven without officers, and was given a glass of German beer.

He exhibited his meerschaum pipes, and after explaining how he had travelled the whole of Scandinavia, had done very good business, and was returning to Berlin, he expressed a hope that the under-sea boat's company would each accept a pipe as a souvenir of their meeting.

So generous an offer was instantly appreciated, and each man of the crew picked out an expensive pipe after his own heart.

For four hours Heym remained as their welcome guest, smoking and drinking beer with them while the secret stores were being placed on board without, of course, the knowledge of the Norwegian Government, and in defiance of its very stringent regulations regarding neutrality.

At last the Commander came and announced to Heym that he must go ashore with Veit, who was waiting, because the submarine, having completed her stores of provisions and fuel, must put to sea again, as she might at any moment be discovered.

Therefore, Hugh, rising from the table, opened his bag as he wished farewell to those men—Huns who had a moment before been describing gleefully how they had sunk eight big British liners in the Atlantic, afterwards diving rather than rescue any survivor, and allowing the women and children to drown like rats.

From his bag he took out the box of a hundred cigars, saying:

"Well, my lads, here are a few cigars. They'll cheer you up when you get out to sea again. When you smoke them remember that they come from our Fatherland, and they no doubt will be the sweeter."

There was a chorus of thanks as he placed the unopened box upon the long mess-table, and then he bade them good-bye, and ascended to the conning-tower where the old fisherman awaited him.

Presently, when once again they stood upon the shore and the collapsible boat had returned to the submarine, they watched the latter move slowly for about a quarter-of-a-mile along the calm water of the inlet until the officer waved farewell to them. The hatches were closed, and the little war-vessel dived beneath the surface.

As Hugh Donovan hurried away his face became stern. His hand, so well manicured, was a drastic one when occasion warranted.

Carrying his emptied bag he started to walk back with old Veit, but attended little to the old fellow's remarks or his praise of the previous gallantry of the crew of the "U 00."

In Veit's dirty little log-house Hugh remained, posing as a good patriotic German, and waiting patiently until his host had to sail over to Hammerfest to bring back further stores for the enemy submarine.

Three grey, dismal days passed.

On the fourth day about noon a young fisherman, a bosom friend of Veit's, burst into the house with the news that he and his father, having just come in from fishing, had found the "U 00" floating derelict on the surface two miles east of the North Cape.

Hugh was rowed out to where the long grey hull of one of the latest of the enemy's super-submarines was lying.

"There's a mystery!" he declared. "The hatches were open, and she was drifting. We boarded her, when, to our horror, we discovered that every man, both officers and crew, had been asphyxiated. On the crew's mess-table was a box of cigars, one of which had been abstracted. The man who had taken it lay dead with it in his hand!"

"How very curious," Donovan remarked. "Death must have come to them instantaneously."

"Yes. From what we saw it seems as though the air supply had suddenly failed,

or it may have been some poisonous vapour which struck them all save one officer, or man, who had the presence of mind to turn the wheel which caused the boat to ascend to the surface, and to open the hatch. But after that he, too, must have fallen down and drawn his last breath. There was no survivor!"

"Where is the submarine now?" asked Donovan eagerly.

"It has been towed by a steamer into the Sandoe Fjord."

"The Sandoe Fjord!" echoed Veit, starting up.

"Yes. She's lying close in by the shore just around the point," said the young man. "They are sending word to the German Consul at Hammerfest."

Within ten minutes all three of them were in a black tub of a fishing-boat, sailing round the high, jagged rocks, and a few minutes later Donovan was once again on board the derelict undersea-boat.

He sniffed suspiciously as he descended the steel steps leading down from the hatch. His nostrils caught the faint perfume of carnations!

In the cramped little mess-room lay the bodies of the crew in various positions, while upon the table was the open cigar box which he had prepared in Packington Street, and out of which one cigar had been taken. His quick eyes saw that below the spot whence the single cigar had been drawn was revealed a small hole. Beneath showed some damp brown substance which, if the truth be told, was thick leathery seaweed, which, under great pressure, had been impregnated with poison-gas—a gas which even one in ten-thousandth part of air was fatal without any known antidote.

By the withdrawal of the cigar the gas had been released.

Donovan turned the box over lightly, and, closing it, put it into his pocket without being observed.

Then, a quarter-of-an-hour later, as they were tacking back around the point to the village, he slipped the fatal contrivance over the side into the sea.

Three days later the vessels with important cargoes which the "U ∞" had been so patiently waiting to destroy, passed in safety around that high black rock, with its myriads of sea-gulls, known as the North Cape, and then along the inhospitable coast of Finmark into the White Sea.

But the German official wireless news has been silent regarding the fate of the "U ∞," and will ever remain so.

(Next month there will be another stirring story of Hugh Donovan, the fearless Englishman whose exploits carried him so often into the enemy's camp.)

HEART TROUBLE.

When Vera coldly answered "No," instead of saying "Yes,"
To a question the import of which you easily can guess,
My heart—although anatomy the notion quite refutes—
Appeared to leave its dwelling-place and occupy my boots.

At length there came a day, a lucky day, when I once more
The question put (the same I'd asked a month or two before),
On which occasion, scorning laws of physiology,
My heart was in my mouth, or thereabouts, it seemed to me.

But since, instead of saying "No," this time she answered "Yes,"
My rapture and delight I'm quite unable to express;
Indeed, my feelings to attempt to hide would, I believe,
Be useless, as I'm told I wear my heart upon my sleeve!

Ada Leonora Harris.

The Latest Thing.

By Lesbia Robinson.

Suggestions for Wartime Wardrobes Illustrated by Leading Humorous Artists.

The military costume designed by Mr. Bert Thomas should find especial favour among those fair admirers of the kilted regiments, whose tastes tend towards the elaborate.

There is a good deal of monotony in women's dress, changing fashions notwithstanding. Skirts may be tube-like or bunchy, collars may be of strangling height or non-existent; they are there in some form or another, as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Even the need for economy has not brought about any wholesale changes in form or material; *crêpe-de-Chine* is still more popular than sackcloth, and shoes have not been discarded in favour of the more economical sandals.

The puttee effect advocated by Mr. Thomas Henry should be adopted only by the slender, as it gives a look of added plumpness.

Fame and fortune await the man who can design an original costume which can be worn in the street without making the wearer look like a deserter from a fancy dress ball. Some women will stick at nothing, and would cheerfully garb themselves in oilcloth and wear dish-covers on their heads should fashion decree, so that no budding Worth need be deterred from designing novel creations for fear of lack of support.

Life has become a much more strenuous affair since our earliest ancestors clothed themselves in leaves, and it is doubtful whether they would stand the strain of a crowded tube or 'bus without shedding themselves at inauspicious moments. Imitation leaves made of leather or some other durable material would make most economical dresses, as they could be renewed singly or in battalions, as wear and tear demanded. Simple effects should be adhered to, however, if the wearer does not want to be mistaken for a strolling Bacchus.

For those who prefer a severer style the puttee effect would be admirable. It should not be worn by ladies of massive build, but for the slim and attenuated nothing could be more suitable. No paper pattern would be required, as the material would be sold in

This "Harvest Home" outfit evolved by Esmond is peculiarly appropriate for country wear, and could be made up easily by the village dressmaker.

dress lengths of so many miles, and could be sewn together by anyone capable of holding a needle.

A reversible costume which could be adapted at will from the severely plain to the fluffily frivolous, would be sure to find favour in the eyes of women workers. The business girl on pleasure bent could turn into a butterfly at a moment's notice with the aid of a few patent fasteners and accommodating contrivances of that sort.

Such a frock would be invaluable in showery weather, as one could retire into private life behind a wall or gate-post for a moment, give a few deft touches, and come forth with the more perishable parts of one's attire more or less protected.

For country wear, nothing could be more chaste and appropriate than a "Harvest Home" rig-out, with smock, wheatsheaf hat, and pitchfork parasol complete. Carried out in corduroy velvet or unbleached linen, the costume need cost but little, while the materials for the hat can be looted from any cornfield. For festive occasions a few poppies may be perched coquettishly among the ears of wheat.

The military touch would naturally be much to the fore, and very vivid effects could be contrived with the flags of the Allies. Restraint is necessary in planning a toilette of this kind, or ignorant persons may make facetious remarks concerning Britannia, and impudent small boys inquire whose decorations you have stolen.

The problem of what to do with the booty we acquire on flag-days would be successfully solved by a frock made entirely of small flags. Anyone who has not already amassed the few thousand odd required, should start collecting from their friends, or they might buy up, at a reduction, the surplus left over from recent flag-days.

If the exhortations of the posters are obeyed there will probably be a tendency towards costumes *à la* beggar-maid, and it will no longer be a disgrace to wear a frayed skirt or a blouse embellished with patches. But shabby clothes are not often picturesque, save on the stage, and it takes youth and beauty to rise superior to them, so that wardrobe dealers need not expect to be bombarded by ladies of position in search of battered hats and costumes of doubtful ancestry.

Everybody does not have the luck of the impulsive young lady who, having registered a vow to buy no new clothes for six months,

Mr. Alfred Leete has followed the example of our remotest ancestors and made leaves the foundation for a very charming dress.

went about looking so woefully shabby that her relatives in self-defence were forced to supplement her wardrobe with offerings of blouses, hats, etc. At the end of the appointed time she had brought her garments up to fighting strength, and invested quite a nice little sum in the War Loan into the bargain.

This scheme is not recommended unless one possesses an assortment of wealthy and liberal-minded relatives whose taste in dress coincides with one's own. And even then there is the risk that their gifts may clash, and that one may be condemned to wear a saxe-blue hat, a purple sports coat, and a frock of roseate hue, all at one and the same time.

Patchwork garments would be economical

Mr. Reg. F. Smith suggests a reversible costume, which, by means of a few simple contrivances, can be made suitable for workaday or festive occasions.

A novel way of utilising flag-day purchases is depicted by Mr. Starr Wood in this striking and patriotic outfit.

though possibly startling, but the pieces should be of regular size and neatly cut, otherwise the wearer is apt to look like a human map of the world. Some charming colour schemes could be evolved by anyone artistic who didn't mind going without a new blouse until she had collected sufficient scraps of each colour.

There would be a sentimental value about patchwork clothes, too, since fragments of one's most cherished garments could find a place therein. A piece of the blameless white silk you wore at your first dance, a scrap of pink muslin from the blouse you had on when Timothy took you to the Zoo, a bit of green satin from the frock you wore on the moonlight night when he didn't propose—these, and many others, would revive old associations and keep alive old grudges in a miraculous manner.

Lucky the persons whose motto is: "It may come in some day," for they would find in the depths of their cupboards material for endless garments, and would be much sought after by friends anxious to reinforce their own limited scraps by looting those of their neighbour.

Strict obedience to the posters might result in rags and tatters, such as those worn by Mr. Cottington Taylor's heroine, who has not extended her economy to her shoes and stockings.

"A SHILLING, PLEASE!"

Miss Gladys Cooper, who p'eads on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund.

Miss Gladys Cooper, the beautiful young actress, who in private life is Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster, has very kindly consented to appeal this year in the ROYAL on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund—the Children's Charity. It exists, as most readers of the ROYAL know, to send City children to the country in the summer time. A shilling pays for a day's holiday for one child, £10 10s. pays for a party of 200, with necessary attendants, and 12s. 6d. sends a child to the country for a fortnight. All working expenses are borne by the promoters, and the whole of the money subscribed directly benefits the children. Please send subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.—Ed. R.M.

I WONDER if there's anything lovelier on a hot afternoon than just to sit and loaf in the garden with a pet dog for company, and the prospect of an inviting tea being whisked on the scene, like manna from Heaven, just at the most appropriate moment. There's nothing I enjoy better, especially when the roses are all in bloom, and there are what Joan calls "sugar cakes" for tea.

Joan doesn't agree with me, but then she's not six years old, and never happy unless she's rioting about on a skooter or indulging in some other violent exercise. All she asks is to be out of doors, and free to frisk about among the trees and flowers.

That sounds simple, doesn't it? So it is in Joan's case, because if she isn't at the seaside making merry on the beach, she has the run of a sunny lawn. But some little people haven't so much as a patch of grass to call their own, and they're the ones I want to talk to you about.

They are the children who live in mean streets, where fresh air and cool breezes are very rare visitors. Of course, they play games—such games as children can play in a narrow, crowded road with dingy brick walls on either side—but a romp in the fields or woods is a joy they have never tasted.

Wouldn't you like to be a good fairy and introduce some poor, pale-faced child to the pleasures of a day in the country? You can do it so easily, for it only costs a shilling, and there never were shillings that brought so much happiness as those sent to the Fresh Air Fund.

Just think what it must mean to a poor, city-bred child to lie down on the soft grass, to pick wild flowers, and play hide-and-seek among the trees! The country's all there, ready; the children are waiting; won't you do the rest?

A shilling will make one child happy for a day; 12s. 6d. will pay for a fortnight in fairyland. You will hunt up all your stray shillings, won't you? I am so anxious to have a big harvest of them.

The Army and Navy haven't forgotten the F.A.F. They've sent me lots of money. Surely if they can manage it, you can!

You will try, won't you?

Gladys Cooper

SUFFICIENT UNTO HERSELF

By

Dorothy Rose

"O woman, lovely woman, nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you:
Angels are painted fair to look like you."

I.

LEONARD had only been in khaki six weeks, and already Juliet missed him more than she could have believed possible.

They had been married eight years, and in a quiet, unemotional way had been more or less happy, united by a bond of loyal affection, unglorified by any touch of glamour or illusion. They were both reserved—Juliet with the shy aloofness of an undemonstrative nature, Leonard with the self-conscious reticence of one who feels his advances may be repulsed. Juliet's big brown eyes were a trifle wistful at times; her pale, daintily chiselled face was set in subdued lines beneath the masses of wavy brown hair. And so, almost unconsciously, they had drifted apart, both pursuing their own way along a neutral-tinted path from which their own hands had stripped the tender blossoms of sentiment and passion.

Juliet knew she had much to be thankful for. Leonard was a good husband, and his precise, rather dominant ways were only such as were permitted to a man who filled a responsible post in a large publishing office, and held dominion over a small army of men and girls. He was good-looking, too, in a keen, alert way, with grave, dark eyes and a firm but not unkindly mouth. He was a blameless husband, quite content to spend his evenings at home, with a game of billiards to vary the routine, and golf as his sole week-end diversion.

Juliet had a small income of her own, and so The Cedars was staffed by two competent maids, and the two little girls, Margot and Bunty, enjoyed the distinction of dancing lessons, and gave Christmas parties at which real ices and a professional conjuror divided the honours.

So Juliet led an easy, effortless life, quite unsuited to her energetic nature; dimly she recognised that the "At-Homes" and whist drives, the ordering of meals, and arranging of flowers were not enough to satisfy her craving for activity, but the lack of understanding between her and Leonard prevented her confiding in him.

Only when he had gone did she realise how much his presence in the home had meant. Contrition pricked at her heart as she went upstairs to change her frock for the solitary dinner and the evening unbroken by any remarks from the lean figure in the comfortably shabby jacket, or the sociable click of billiard balls from the den.

Another surprise was in store for her. As she passed the children's door, a sound of subdued sobbing smote her ear. She went in to find five-year-old Bunty with her curly head buried in the pillow, dissolved in tears. Margot, motherly and solicitous as befitted one who had reached the advanced age of six-and-a-half, strove vainly to comfort her. But Bunty was her father's child, and believed in doing things thoroughly, wherefore she wept industriously, and refused to be comforted.

"What *is* the matter?" Juliet's voice was full of concern as she sat down on the edge of the bed and extracted the limp Bunty from among the pillows.

"It's Bunty," explained Margot of the golden hair and grave blue eyes. "She wants Daddy. He always came to kiss us in bed, and now—I kissed her, but she said I didn't smell of tobacco," she finished in hurt tones.

Juliet put an arm about the little night-gowned figure, struggling between smiles and tears. "Did he come every night, darling?" she asked.

"Yes." Bunty nodded with characteristic violence. "Every night—always. He tucked us in as well, all tight and comfy."

"Mother tucks us in too," put in Margot, with the air of one who gives credit where credit is due.

"Yes," Bunty admitted, "but Daddy tucks best, and—and he always said 'Good-night, kiddies!' so nice and loud."

"And 'God bless you!' We taught him that," said Margot, "and he never forgot."

Ten minutes later, having brought comfort to the sorrowing children, and striven gamely to give a faithful imitation of Leonard's good-night performance, Juliet sat in the drawing-room and held communion with herself.

She had known Leonard was fond of the children—he was a good father, bought them cod-liver oil and malt unmurmuringly, and romped dutifully with them on wet Saturday afternoons. She knew he was proud of them, proud of Margot's fair silky curls and Bunty's chubby prettiness, but he had never been demonstrative; it had never struck her that he was specially devoted to them or they to him.

Juliet was not given to tears, but her eyes were dim as she went into the dining-room, and a queer feeling, half wonderment and half contrition, tugged at her heartstrings.

This chastened mood was upon her when a few days later her husband arrived home for twenty-four hours' leave ere setting out for Flanders. Uniform became Leonard—Juliet felt all a woman's pride in the strength and bronzed virility of him. She would have given worlds to nestle against his shoulder, to hug and kiss him as Margot and Bunty were doing. Her heart yearned towards him, but all she could do was to clutch his arm with nervous fingers and raise her face mutely to his.

She had ordered his favourite dishes—ox-tail soup, a sirloin of goodly proportions—Leonard liked something to cut at—and apple dumplings to follow. She put on a gown he had always liked, blue silk as soft and shadowy as the sky on a night of June. Afterwards, they sat on the garden-seat, and talked amid a silence fragrant with the perfume of roses, and the glory of a departed summer day.

Leonard's arm slid gently about her shoulders; she felt his eyes, grave and searching, on her face. She longed to cling to him, to sob out her fears, to voice the aching loneliness that surged within her at the thought of his departure. But the years of restraint told; she patted his hand lightly, and her voice was cool and unemotional as she said:

"Dear old boy! You won't worry about us, will you? And be sure and let me know when you want socks."

"You're a brave little woman, Juliet." There was a hint of disappointment in Leonard's quiet voice. He had not expected tears—Juliet was not that sort—but the protective instinct was strong within him; he hungered for an excuse to gather her up in his arms and comfort her. But apparently she did not want comfort—she was, as ever, sufficient unto herself. "You'll write often, Juliet, and tell me all about yourself and the kiddies?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course! I'll tell you what pudding we have for dinner on Sunday, and how many times Bunty upsets her milk on the cloth—you shall have a full and detailed account of the doings of your family, never fear!"

Leonard withdrew his arm with a sigh. Somehow her light, bantering tone hurt incredibly. Little he guessed that it was asssumed to mask an emotion which years of repression had made Juliet shrink from displaying. They went into the house together silently.

And when next day he kissed her in farewell and marvelled at her calm, collected manner, he never dreamt that her eyes were dry because in the stillness of the night she had sobbed her heart out as he slept beside her.

II.

If Juliet had been lonely before, she was doubly so when Leonard went to the Front, and added to her loneliness was the anxiety lest the man she was beginning dimly to realise meant all the world to her should come to harm. The purposelessness of her days irked her perpetually, and she was just about to plunge into Red Cross work when fate opened another way of escape, and provided her with an opportunity for service.

It came in the form of a letter from her husband's firm regretting that owing to severe losses since the war the full salary they had hitherto paid must be reduced to three-quarters. Moreover, the profits of the companies in which Juliet's money was invested had decreased, and her dividends were proportionately lower. The two things combined would make a serious difference to their income.

She set about retrenching at once. The housemaid had to go, but the cook, who was genuinely attached to her mistress, expressed her willingness to manage with Juliet's help. The two top-floor rooms she let unfurnished, though not without a pang; late dinner she dispensed with, having hers with the children at mid-day, while chocolates, flowers, and such-like luxuries were relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

Into her letters to Leonard she infused all the new-found pluck and cheerfulness which the call to action had roused in her. His letters were invariably bright and hopeful. Knowing his calm, dispassionate outlook, she marvelled at the buoyancy of his writing. She marvelled still more when his friend and fellow-officer, Lieutenant Hunt, being home

on leave, called to see her, and extolled her husband to the skies.

Juliet listened as in a dream to accounts of dreary, monotonous days spent in mud-filled trenches, of rain-soaked men whose clothes dried on them, only to be drenched again by the pitiless rain.

"It's times like those that test a chap's endurance," finished Lieutenant Hunt. "If you come up smiling you deserve the V.C. Leonard deserves half-a-dozen by now."

"Really?" Juliet's brown eyes were fixed reflectively on the crimson rambler that framed the dining-room window. "Leonard must have developed an imagination out there; he used to stick severely to facts, but he seems to have embroidered them for my benefit."

"Of course he wouldn't want you to worry," said the young officer as he prepared to depart, "and perhaps I shouldn't have told you so much, only—well, I wanted you to know how much we all think of him out there."

III.

In the dismal sanctuary of a dug-out about the size of a dog-kennel, Lieutenant Hunt sang Juliet's praises, while Leonard, incredibly bronzed, and upholstered principally in mud, listened with the slow, appreciative smile that gave such charm to his rather sombre features.

"She's so deuced plucky," Hunt said, curling his long legs round the sugar-box which formed his seat. "'Tisn't all plain sailing for the women at home. Things are so dear—butter 1s. 8d. a pound and rump steak about sixpence a square inch—my mater told me. Says she can't keep house on the same money unless they're willing to live on bread-and-cheese and margarine."

"I wonder how Juliet manages." Leonard bit hard at his pipe; his eyes were fixed abstractedly on his friend's enthusiastic countenance. Somehow he had never thought of Juliet as a capable housewife; she had competent servants, a generous allowance—manlike, he had never given her any particular credit for the smooth working of household affairs. But now—he knocked out his pipe on the heel of his mud-caked boot as Hunt's pleasant young voice broke in on his reflections.

"The place looked as spick and span as ever," he said, "and she did me jolly well at lunch. I was awfully glad to find things so flourishing, and a bit relieved. You see, I met Raynor in the City, and he told me about your old firm—how they were cutting down expenses, and only allowing three-quarter salary to employees on active service."

"Say that again!" Leonard's set face woke to sudden animation; he leant forward intently.

Leonard's arm slid gently about her shoulders; she felt his eyes, grave and searching, on her face.

Hunt repeated it. "I wouldn't have mentioned it, but I thought you knew, old fellow," he finished contritely.

A month later Lieutenant Rogers arrived home for eight days' leave. To outward appearance all was as usual, the house as comfortable, the children as bonny and becomingly dressed as ever. Only Juliet was different. Her aloofness was gone, her self-sufficient ways mellowed to a pretty deference. The soft clinging of her arms at the first moment of meeting whispered of a new femininity, a subtle, all-enveloping tenderness as delightful as it was unexpected.

Dinner was as perfect as the combined efforts of Juliet and the faithful cook had been able to make it, and it was not until he noticed the absence of the housemaid that Leonard gave a thought to the problem of household management on a depleted income.

"Oh, Gertie left—went to work on the land—and I haven't been able to replace her; but we manage quite nicely—one can always get a charwoman to help out," said his wife evasively. "Do have some more soup, or you'll break cook's heart."

"It's topping stuff!" Leonard passed his plate, taking in every detail of Juliet's frock—a rose-sprigged voile made by herself at the cost of half-a-sovereign—exulting in her radiance, the indefinable something which showed in the soft curve of her lips, the confiding glance of her velvety brown eyes.

She felt his eyes upon her, and a pink flush mounted to her cheeks. In her new humility it dawned upon her that a delicious change had crept into her relations with this husband of hers with the quiet air of command and bronzed features. She felt suddenly a little afraid, and, womanlike, gloried in the feeling.

It was Bunty who turned her father's thoughts at breakfast next morning to the question which so far baffled him—how Juliet was making so brave a show on the reduced means at her disposal.

"Marmalade, kiddie?" Leonard pushed the jar invitingly in the child's direction.

"Not with butter!" Bunty's brown eyes were round with reproof. "We never have butter *and* marmalade; do we, Margot?" She turned to her sister, while Juliet reproached herself bitterly for not warning the children to be silent on the subject of curtailed luxuries, though she had sworn them to secrecy concerning Miss Taylor, who occupied the top-floor, and was providentially away on her summer holidays.

"No." Margot hastened to add to the sum of their deprivations. "And cake only on Sundays, because times are hard, and we can help to win the war if we go without things that cost a lot. So we don't mind, do we, Bunty?"

"No—only when it's rice pudding on Sunday instead of pink, creamy things," agreed her small sister, whose more practical mind had not been inspired to sacrifice by Juliet's explanations as had that of the more imaginative Margot.

"There aren't any pink creams in Flanders," said her father. "Do you think mother would let us have one this Sunday?"

"'Course she will! You're a soldier," asserted Bunty firmly, while Juliet, anxious to put an end to the conversation, sent both children out into the garden.

It was characteristic of Leonard that he did not ask Juliet for an explanation, but decided to sift the matter out for himself. The children had inadvertently revealed a campaign of economy, but that alone was not enough to account for the difference in income. As far as he could see, Juliet's activities were confined to a few light household jobs—he knew nothing of the forethought and hard work which had enabled her to be more or less off duty during his brief leave.

It was not until the evening of the second day that he stumbled on a further clue to the mystery. Juliet was bathing the children, when Leonard, with a pleasant vision of golf in his mind, strolled up to the top-floor front room in search of his clubs, which he had put in a cupboard there ere he departed.

To his surprise, the door was locked. It struck him that Juliet used to lock it to keep out the children, who delighted in playing hide-and-seek among the lumber stored there. He remembered at the same time that the key of his dressing-room fitted the lock—he had tried on one memorable occasion when Bunty had purloined the key, and forthwith lost it. It was the work of a moment to secure the key from his dressing-room and open the door.

For a moment he stood thunderstruck on the threshold. In place of the bare room littered with boxes and discarded furniture, was a pretty sitting-room whose cushioned wicker chairs and pale blue hangings gave evidence of a feminine occupant.

Leonard crossed the room and opened the door into the adjoining room. It was furnished as a bedroom. A glimmer of the truth came to him as he locked the outer door and went downstairs to answer the clamorous summons which Margot and Bunty, now in bed, were sending out into the night.

The children satisfied, he descended in search of Juliet. A little tender smile played about his lips—he knew what it had cost

Juliet to open her home to a stranger, and did homage in his heart to her pluck and sacrifice.

He found her in the drawing-room, the light from the rose-shaded lamp falling on her small, delicately-cut face, with the new, soft womanliness that added so much to its charm.

She turned as he came in, and, without a word, he lifted her to her feet and kissed her.

"Wonderful little woman!" he said. "Don't try to hoodwink me, because I know all about it. I've invaded the top-floor front."

"Oh, Leonard!" Relief and disappointment mingled in Juliet's voice. "I didn't mean you to know. You see, I had to economise, and Miss Taylor is a nice girl and not a bit of trouble."

"I know." Leonard drew her down on the settee. "But you haven't told me the whole truth yet. You see, Hunt let out about the firm reducing their allowance. I knew your dividends had gone down, and so I wondered. And what else have you been doing to keep down expenses? I won't have you working too hard."

Juliet laughed a happy laugh. Her cool fingers crept into his big brown ones as she confessed to her economies—the departure of the housemaid, the reduced laundry and housekeeping bills, all the little contrivances by which she had managed to keep the flag flying.

"I enjoy it," she finished, looking up at him with a radiant smile. "I feel I'm doing my bit, that I'm sharing the fight with you, that—that I'm making myself more worthy to be the wife of a man in khaki."

He caught her close. "Bless you!" he whispered, his lips on her hair, and as his eyes met her starry brown ones, he knew that the veil between them was gone at last, and that together they had entered into their inheritance.

For a moment he stood thunderstruck on the threshold. In place of the bare room littered with boxes and discarded furniture, was a pretty sitting-room whose cushioned wicker chairs . . . . gave evidence of a feminine occupant.

NO THOUGHT OF SELF.

FATHER: "Why don't you work, my son? If you only knew how much happiness work brings you would begin at once."

SON: "Father, I am trying to lead a life of self-denial, in which happiness has no part. Do not tempt me."

* * * * *

BRIEF, BUT ADEQUATE.

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher.

"I can, teacher," shouted Tommy.

"Well, Tommy, what is it?"

"An upholstered worm."

* * * * *

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

"Bow-wow!" growled the dog.

"'Ow-'ow!" howled the butcher's boy.

There was a scramble and a scuffle. But human wit was not equal to canine grit, and in a trice the butcher's boy was pinned up against the wall.

"Help!" he cried.

Help came. It came in the bulky shape of the dog's owner, who hurried out of her house to the scene of battle.

"Naughty little Touser! Down! Down!" she exclaimed. "I do hope he hasn't bitten you!"

"No; I've kept him off by giving him your suet," replied the lad tearfully; "but you're just in time to save the beef."

* *

MOVING PICTURES.

"Say, old chap, are you fond of moving pictures?"

"I should say so!"

"Then come round to our house next Tuesday and give a hand. We're moving that day."

A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT.

In a mansion "somewhere in England"
A youth chanced to meet with a maid
Whose figure and face looked bewitching,
In dinkiest livery arrayed.
So he told her he'd never seen smarter
Or prettier girl than she;
But she said: "Oh, I'm only the 'Buttons'."
"Then I'm going to press you," said he.

First she gave him a look rather haughty
And the youth began to feel glum;
Then she smiled and answered him coyly:
"If you do, perhaps someone'll come."
"That risk I am willing to run, dear;
My case is as clear as can be;
Of course a chap presses the 'Buttons'
When wanting an answer," said he.

The maid dropped her eyes and blushed sweetly,
And the youth got his answer quite plain,
For, on putting his words into action,
He heard: "You may press me again."
And it goes without saying, this story
Was capped by the usual thing,
For the end of his pressing the "Buttons"
Was that somebody soon "got a ring."

Will Parkyn.

* *

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

"That author keeps his identity closely concealed."

"Yes, until I read his books I thought it was due to modesty."

"Isn't it?"

"No, discretion."

A BITING REMARK.

BRIGHT YOUTH: "I say, mister, yer going to get a bite this time."

A LAST REQUEST.

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is very exacting. He wants something all the time."

"Never mind. He may ask you to marry him."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he did. He has about run out of other requests."

* * * * *

THE BARE IDEA!

A tourist, travelling in the Rocky Mountains, was introduced by a friend to an old hunter who claimed to have killed no fewer than four hundred bears.

"Bill," said the friend, "this feller wants to hear some narrer escapes you've had from bears."

The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over, and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narrer escapes, the bears had 'em."

THE SALESMAN'S REMARK.

"We have a charming blouse," he said,
"Which just arrived this week,
You'll find it washes like a rag—
The style is quite unique."

The salesman's words were quite correct,
She found to her dismay,
The dainty blouse became a rag—
Upon her washing day.

Dorothy Harrison.

* * * * *

OVER CAUTIOUS.

VISITOR: "My husband considered a very long time before he proposed to me. He was very careful."

HOSTESS: "Ah, it is always those careful people who get taken in."

A BACK NUMBER.

OLD SALT (somewhere in the North Sea): "I'm sorry, old sport, but it ain't no good your bangin' around; folks don't take no interest in sea serpents these days!"

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

FATHER: "So I have caught you kissing my daughter, sir!"

SUITOR: "I sincerely hope so. The light is quite dim, and I may have been mistaken, but I should feel vastly humiliated if it should turn out to be someone else."

* * * * *

TEACHING GRANDMA.

"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and, by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely emptied of its contents."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, they just made a hole in each end and sucked."

THE SOFT ANSWER.

As the night fell over the streets with their Sibbath calm, the minister of a Scottish village met the laird's son, walking in the opposite direction from the kirk.

"Guid evening, young man," said the minister coldly. "Dae ye nivir attend a place of worship?"

The young laird smiled genially at him.

"I do, Mr. McTavish," he replied brightly, "and I'm on my way to see her now."

* * * * *

THREE REASONS.

The mistress was complaining to the maid that the banisters seemed always dusty.

"I was at Mrs. Brown's yesterday, and her stair-rails are as clean and smooth as glass," she said.

"Yes, mum," said Mary Jane, "but you forget that she has three small boys."

CONTRARY TO ORDERS.

James, the pompous new butler, who would rather have died than disobey orders, was instructed by his mistress to bring everything into the drawing-room on a salver.

A visitor called one day with a large and rather ferocious-looking bull-terrier dog, which was left outside. When the visitor was about to go, however, his hostess wished to see the dog, so she rang the bell, and told the obsequious James to bring him in.

Some minutes passed and James did not appear, but suddenly the sounds of angry growls, snarls, and barks were heard, so the bell was rung again.

James entered, carrying the salver, but with a look of distress on his face.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, with a deferential cough, "but I could not indooce the hanimal to sit on the salver. 'E knocked me down three times and bit my calves something cruel. If the gentleman wants him he'll have to bring him in himself!"

• •

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjuror, pointing to his magic cabinet, "I beg to call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to enter the cabinet. I will then close the door, and when I open it again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

In the second row of the audience a puny, undersized man, with a haunted, harassed expression, turned, with a strange gleam of hope in his dull, mild eyes, to an enormous woman who sat next to him. She had a strong, stern face, with black, beetling brows, and a chin like the ram of a first-class battleship.

"Maria, dear," he said eagerly, "won't you oblige the gentleman?"

• • • • •

A FALLEN IDOL.

MARY: "Love never did bring me any luck, mum."

MRS. SMITH: "Really, I fail to see how that can concern me, Mary."

MARY: "No, indeed, mum; only now I've broken the statue of Venus, mum."

THE ONLY REASON.

At a small country station, where there was a level-crossing, the number of officials was limited to the station-master and a porter. One day a titled lady residing in the district drove up in her carriage and pair, but found the gate closed against her crossing the line. The porter, however, saw who it was, and opened the gate to permit her to pass. At the same time, he observed to her: "It's agin the rules, my lady, openin' o' the gate like this, but it ain't for the likes o' me to keep yer ladyship waitin'."

"Why, my man, is it against the rules?" asked the noble occupant of the carriage.

"Well, it's like this," replied the porter, "the 6.13 up express has been due this last fifteen minutes!"

• •

THAT FULL MARCHING ORDER FEELING.
"Prepare to mount! Mount!"

OUR NEIGHBOURS' SINS.

"Daddy," said little Johnny to his father, "what do they mean by 'vulgar ostentation'?"

"Vulgar ostentation, my son," said the parent, who had not lived fifty years for nothing, "is the display made by people who have more money to make it with than we have."

• •

EASILY EXPLAINED.

During a military review held some time ago one of the foreign attachés had made himself obnoxious to several staff officers by asking ridiculous and often impertinent questions. At last he caught a tartar. Turning to an old infantry officer, he said:

"How is it, Colonel, that your bugle call 'Advance' is so very short, while the 'Retreat' is just the reverse?"

"Because, sir," replied the old veteran, "when a British soldier goes into action it only needs a little note from a bugle to make him advance anywhere, but it takes a whole brass band to make him retire!"

• • • • •

THE USEFUL WORM.

"Isn't it wonderful that all this silk comes from an insignificant worm," murmured Gwendolen, displaying her new summer "creation."

"Gwendolen, is it necessary to refer to your father like that?" queried her mother.

THE LIMIT.

Little Jack was eight years old, and a handsome youngster.

Naturally, all the ladies who saw him wanted to kiss him, but Jack wasn't old enough to appreciate his privileges.

One afternoon several friends of his mother had called, and they'd all kissed him.

Then he went to the pictures later on, and instead of his pet cowboy scenes, the films were all of the sentimental description.

With one thing and another, young Jack returned home quite fed-up with the whole tribe of women.

After he had been tucked up in bed, mother bent over him, and said gently:

"Give mother a kiss, dear."

But she pleaded again in vain; Jack wouldn't. Instead, he looked towards the door, where father stood, and said, in exasperation:

"Daddy, for goodness' sake, give this woman a kiss!"

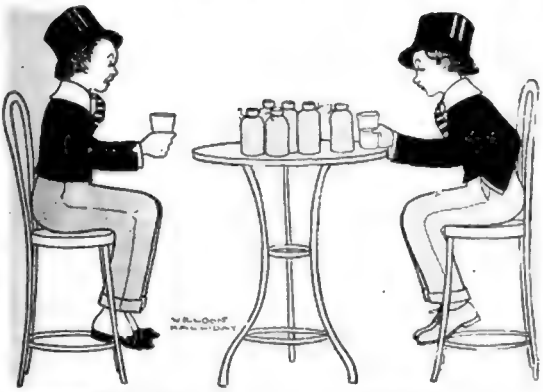
* * * * *

MISPLACED ENERGY.

ORATOR (passionately): "From the day I was twelve I earned my own living! Gentlemen, I made myself!"

A VOICE: "Well, you made a mistake!"

"Combing Out" the Single Men.



FIRST KNUT (drinking glass-pop): "Smith's an unpatriotic blighter, you know; cuts down his drinks because of the tax."

ALL HE COULD MANAGE.

It was rough—decidedly rough—when Willie in company with his father and mother crossed from Liverpool to Douglas.

Mother and father were ill—father especially—and Willie, taking advantage of this, began to get naughty. His mother noticed this, and, not feeling equal to inflicting chastisement, turned to Willie's father.

"John," she said "will you speak to Willie?"

A sickly grin overspread papa's face as he murmured: "How do, Willie?"

* * * * *

NOT THE ONLY ONES.

In one part of the line "somewhere in France" the British and German trenches were so near together that the opposing fighters often exchanged greetings, friendly and otherwise—mostly the latter.

On one particularly cold day the British trenches were occupied by a new regiment, new to the work, and the fray began with the usual exchange of banter.

Above the parapet of the German trench appeared a shovel, on which was scrawled boldly in chalk the well-known German motto:

"Got Mitt Uns!"

Promptly came the reply from the British trench, from whence appeared an answering shovel bearing the retort:

"Garn! We got mittuns, too!"

* * * * *

UNCERTAIN.

The patient explained his symptoms fully. The specialist regarded him closely over the top of his spectacles.

"Yes, I see," he commented gravely; "now, tell me, have you ever been operated on for appendicitis?"

"Well," responded the patient dubiously, "I certainly had an operation, but I have never been quite sure whether it was due to appendicitis or professional curiosity."

The Crowded Hour

By C. Randolph Lichfield.

"For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

Roden tried the smallest of the wedding-rings on his little finger, then shook his head dubiously.

"Nothing a shade smaller?" he asked.

"Afraid not, sir. Smallest size stocked. But we could reduce any of these for you if you like."

"Oh—not time for that. I want it for to-morrow," Roden rejoined, betrayed into unnecessary frankness by the bare idea of delay. "I'll take this."

He paid the price, stuffed the little packet into his waistcoat-pocket and swung out of the shop to find himself confronted by a grave-faced, heavily-built man in a dark blue overcoat—a typical policeman in plain clothes!

His heart sank as he caught his breath, and, alarm fluttering in his mind like beating wings, he swung aside, and made to hurry on. But a quick hand caught him by the arm.

"Pardon me," said the man, "aren't you Mr. Roden Ashley, lately employed in Mr. Tonhill's office, Beechley Buildings?"

"I?" exclaimed Roden, exerting his whole mind to deny it innocently. "No—my name's Gurton, Bernard Gurton."

Incredulity twinkled in the grey eyes that met his.

"D'you mind accompanying me as far as the police-station to set my mind at rest?" the officer asked, with rather overdone politeness. "I won't keep you longer than necessary."

Baffled, Roden glanced in bewilderment to right and left, wondering how he could escape. The same time to-morrow Tonhill would have lost the stakes and swallowed his defeat to save his skin!

"What authority have you?" Roden demanded in a husky voice, trying for time to think. "Are you a police-officer?"

"I am Sergeant Heap, of the —— Division."

"Then," rejoined Roden, shrugging, "I have no choice. But let us have a taxi. I'm late for an appointment as it is."

The Sergeant took a step towards the curb and hailed a crawling taxicab, but his movement scarcely afforded Roden a tangible chance to escape in a street so thronged, and the next moment he was back again at Roden's side.

"Cold wind," he observed in a conversational tone.

"Very," agreed Roden, thinking furiously, and blew his nose.

As the cab drew up at the curb, the Sergeant threw open the door and touched his prisoner on the arm. Roden moved forward hastily, letting his handkerchief escape his hand, and throwing a glance over his shoulder as he bent into the cab, he saw the Sergeant swing round and clutch and save it as it fluttered away on the wind.

"Now, perhaps!" thought Roden.

He reached the offside door, opened it, and sprang out into the road—almost under the wheels of a motor-omnibus, but he managed to save himself, and stepping right and left, in and out of the traffic, he gained the other pavement and darted in the frowning shadow of a narrow alleyway which yawned ahead.

With eyes alert and one hand clutching his hat, he sprinted, and in a trice he emerged into a paved courtyard, where four pinched streets converged. He took the first to the right, and elbowing his way through a crowd outside a warehouse, sped on till he gained another main street, where he slowed his pace in order not to attract attention from the passers-by.

Uncertain what course of action to pursue in the circumstances, he turned into a saloon bar to take time to consider, and ordering a drink to give him a footing, he carried it to a

table as far as possible from the fluffy-haired chatterbox behind the bar, who "glad-eyed" him—for he was singularly good to look upon.

He was profoundly alarmed. There was not the shadow of a doubt in his mind that Tonhill had somehow discovered he was going to marry Ethel Merrick, and to prevent that, more than for any other reason, had obtained the issue of a warrant for his arrest.

"With me in gaol and Ethel stranded, she'd have small chance to refuse the hound," Roden muttered between his teeth, as he toyed nervously with his glass. "That's the idea, of course. Probably he has not guessed how much I know or why I did it—only sees a splendid chance of getting me shelved and disgraced in Ethel's eyes. . . . I'll go and see him; risky or not, I'll go and see him!" He tossed off his drink and started angrily to his feet. "It's not too late; he'll be there yet. Give me ten minutes with him, and I'll put the fear of death or the Incorporated Law Society into his rotten heart."

He swung out into the chilly dusk, and, scarcely pausing, leapt on to an eastbound omnibus and dropped heavily into a vacant seat.

Not for a moment did he suppose it was only Sergeant Heap he had to avoid to retain his liberty. He assumed that the Sergeant had chanced to recognise him from the description Tonhill had supplied to the authorities; and hundreds of other police officers would as readily detain him if they recognised him. This fact he faced as the 'bus rolled along towards the City.

In plain clothes and uniform, on beat or point duty, probably half the members of the City Police Force had one eye open for him, and it behoved him to keep both his open for them,

With eyes alert and one hand clutching his hat, he sprinted . . . . on till he gained another main street.

and be ready any minute to get away should it be necessary to do so.

He had not far to go, however, and as the omnibus approached the Mansion House, he started quickly from his seat and alighted at a quick run.

It was the crowded hour of the day, but never had the City seemed so thronged, the pedestrians so wilfully obstructive, and never had he felt so conspicuous as, trying to hurry and pass unnoticed, he elbowed his winding way along towards Beechley Buildings.

Then, all at once, he

was out of the living labyrinth, and springing up the short flight of steps he had so often trod, he strode across the gloomy entrance-hall and started up the stairs.

At the head of the fifth flight he butted into a man he knew

"Hullo!"

"Can't stop," said Roden breathlessly, brushing the other aside.

"But—I say, Ashley! Ashley!"

Roden sped on. For a moment he fancied the man turned to follow him, but he reached Tonhill's door without further hindrance, and burst into the room.

And as it happened, Tonhill was alone. A slim, wolfish-faced man of nearly forty, he looked up startled, and heaved himself to his feet as Roden closed the door.

"Five minutes with you, Mr. Tonhill," demanded Roden stormily, advancing quickly to the writing-table. "I want to tell you a few things you possibly don't know. Don't touch that telephone—nor yet the bell! D'you hear? . . ."

Roden raised his voice threateningly, and thrusting his right hand into his coat pocket, the index finger rigidly extended, menaced the lawyer, as if he held a revolver in his pocket and was covering him with it.

Tonhill sank back cravenly, and, shaking with excitement, widened his mouth in a knavish smile, his eyes scintillating.

"All right," he said in a hushed, tremulous voice. "You'll pay for this, all of it. You obtained four hundred pounds from me by fraudulent means, and you know it. That's a pretty serious business for a young man just past his Final. Passed with honours, eh?—honours. But there's another examination before you, which you won't pass with honours."

"Oh, cut it out!" snarled Roden passionately. "You can't bluff me. It is I who have come to threaten you. I did do you out of four hundred pounds, and I've no intention of denying it. But——"

"Wait a minute!" cried Tonhill, starting to his feet. "Let's have Maill or Wilson in, and then say that again."

"Sit down," commanded Roden gruffly, menacing him again with the stiff finger in his coat pocket, at which Tonhill dropped back into his chair, recoiling. "Don't you get up again if you want to save your skin. I'm not fond of you, Mr. Tonhill—never was, and I'd as lief put a bullet through you as touch your hand. . . I say, I *did* you out of four hundred—you signed the cheque thinking it was quite another thing! But you daren't touch me, you——"

"Daren't! The warrant's out! To-morrow——"

"Then, let me tell you you're as big a fool as you are a thief! You're bent on your own destruction. I know—all I need to know. I know there was a clear four hundred due to Miss Merrick, the residue of her father's little estate. I know how cunningly you hocussed her; you weren't driving me in blinkers! You wanted her, and she didn't like the style of you. What woman would? You knew exactly her helpless position, and that she wasn't properly qualified to earn a respectable living. You thought when the devil drives needs must, and she was unsophisticated and grateful. She had so much reason to be grateful, for you were so kind and good; unction bubbled from you, and nothing was too much trouble."

"Go on," interjected Tonhill viciously, pale with apprehension.

"I wasn't stopping! I'm here to turn you inside out, so you can see yourself as I can see you. You thought to force her into your parlour, Mr. Spider, if she couldn't be enticed; you thought she'd marry you for bread and butter if she wouldn't marry you for choice. But I'd seen her, and she'd seen me. I'm not conceited, but I think it was a case with both of us before you worked the little fraud that left her penniless. When I grasped that you'd done that, I racked my brains to get it back for her. But I saw no way it could be done straightforwardly except by litigation, which might cost her more than the amount at stake. And so I tricked you in turn. It was a mad thing to do, perhaps, but I felt mad, and I'd no idea at the time she was likely to care for me. I simply wouldn't see her trapped into marrying a skunk like you by such crafty tricks.

"I meant to hand the money over to her, but something opened my eyes to the fact she cared for me; so there was no need to give her tarnished money. By this time to-morrow it and all I possess will belong to her, for we shall be married. Then you can do what you like—or, rather, all you *dare*. At present all this is *our* secret, but if you send me down, I'll take you with me. Hit me, and I'll smash you! Better call your sleuth-hounds off, for I'll defend myself with the truth in such a noisy voice the Incorporated Law Society will be forced to look into it, and you'll be struck off! Oh, you may smile, but you're afraid. You don't know yet what proof I have."

"You have no proof!"

"That's saying you don't know! Anyhow, you must realise it won't be worth the risk when she and I are married."

"*When* you are married—no!"

"And that'll be to-morrow."

"I know it won't! For the police'll lay

you by the heels to-day!" cried Tonhill excitedly. "You think I am a fool to leave things till too late. Not I! Suppose I say there's a detective waiting in there for you, guessing you'd come. Be surprised?"

"Not a bit. A man who'd rob a girl of a paltry patrimony wouldn't hesitate to lie to a man. It's the last place anyone——"

"Well, then," cried the lawyer, his voice rising as his anger overcame him, "suppose I tell you there's a detective watching Miss Merrick's house, and his orders are not to lose sight of her until he's got you, but to get you even if he has to grab you at the altar rails! What then, you boaster?"

"Why—then," drawled Roden, greatly taken aback, and showing it, "why—then—oh, then I should have reluctantly to thank you for a very valuable tip. Any further information——"

Beside himself with rage, Tonhill snatched up a paper-weight, and started to his feet. But Roden, seeing what was coming and thirsting for such an excuse, sprang forward, landing a good right-hander on the lawyer's neck; and as Tonhill's heels went up and his head went down over the reeling chair, Roden swung round and fled.

Down the stairs he ran, wishing he could fly each flight or all together, or that Tonhill was too shaken up to use the telephone. He wheeled across the landings, holding to the hand-rail lest he over-run the stairs, breathless, jubilant, thrilling that he had hit once and hard on his own account. Down the stairs his quick feet twinkled, while he laughed out aloud that Tonhill in his baffled wrath had betrayed a trap which would certainly have caught him, and—crash he went into a stout man coming up the stairs!

"Sorry!" sobbed Roden, winded for the instant, and grabbed the other to steady him, before he recognised that it was Sergeant Heap. "My——"

He did not stay to complete the exclamation, but, tearing away his arm as the Sergeant tried to grab him, he sped down the remaining stairs as though his feet were winged, bracing himself for the moment when he would hear the officer bawling for somebody to stop him—bawling and pursuing, and somebody would stand to bar his way.

He leapt the last five stairs, and dashing out into the street, brought up against the broad back of a man who was entering a cab. Panting an apology, he broke away to the left, and a minute later sped down into the Tube subway. There, in a gloom-filled corner, he paused for breath and to compose himself.

How to get in touch with Ethel, and, without going into particulars, let her know she was being watched and must meet him without being followed—that was the problem.

He was satisfied that directly Ethel and he were married, Tonhill would swallow his defeat and drop the prosecution rather than risk the exposure of his criminal trickery and being struck off the Rolls. But, on the other hand, if Tonhill's action prevented the marriage, it was himself who would have to swallow defeat, and take his punishment silently for Ethel's sake, because it was a hundred chances to one she would marry Tonhill.

"I was a fool not to tell her how he'd tricked her," he cried passionately under his breath. "If he gets me and I expose him, I can't prove it myself, and it would seem to her I was making wild accusations to defend myself and injure him further; and grateful to him as she is, she'd be readier to give in and marry him. I should sink and he'd rise in her estimation, and much as she still might care for me, she's got to live. She would take him and try to forget me. Then the Law Society, having looked into it, might strike him off the Rolls, and there she'd be!—tied to the ruined man she knew had robbed her, while the fellow she cared for was equally ruined by his efforts to defend her interests. I wouldn't dare do it. No—if I can't beat him by noon to-morrow he beats me. He knows it, too, and is counting on it."

Becoming aware that somebody with a footstep like a policeman was approaching behind him, Roden moved quickly forward to leave the subway, but as he started up the steps he saw three men coming down, and one of them, pushing the others aside as he hurried, was Sergeant Heap.

Roden swung round and dashed back, making for the flight of steps by which he had descended, and glancing up as he made to mount, he saw Tonhill waiting, evidently on guard.

It was no time for hesitation. There was Tonhill, whom he did not love, and coming hard behind was Sergeant Heap, whom he at least respected as a representative of the Law.

He bounded up the steps, and as Tonhill made to bar his way, Roden hit him as if he hated him, driving him heavily against some railings.

In the dusk and the confusion of the intermingling crowds, the incident was scarcely noticed for the moment, and before anybody stopped to stare, Roden was across the road and in Cheapside.

He had felt the Sergeant's grabbing hand against his trousers as he struck Tonhill

aside, and he hurried as fast as the congested traffic would allow him, and wheeled into Queen Street. But as he stepped off the pavement to pass three men in front of him, a hand shot out behind him and seized him by the arm.

"Hello, Ashley!" cried a cheery voice. "Chasing butterflies? Here! Wait a minute. I'm coming your way."

"Can't stop. Not going home. I'm in a frantic hurry," panted Roden, trying to break away.

"Oh, tosh!" scoffed his friend, increasing his grip. "More trains than one."

Roden let slip a sibilant oath, for he saw Sergeant Heap come lumbering round the corner and stop abruptly, at fault, gazing about him.

"Confound you, Herson! Let me go!" he demanded angrily, and wrenching his arm free, started down the road.

He did not know the Sergeant had espied him as he broke away, and turning to the left into Queen Victoria Street, he dived down into an underground *café* to hide and think.

And thus he was caught. He was still panting, still waiting for a girl to take his order, and still without the dimmest notion how he should keep his wedding appointment on the morrow, when his roving eye lit upon the Sergeant just stepping off the stairs.

With a slight swagger in his gait, and a dry, good-humoured smile, the Sergeant advanced unhurriedly to the table, and, pulling out a chair, sat down.

"So here we are again, sir," he observed, a little short of breath, "and it hasn't done you any good, you know."

"Hasn't done either of us much harm, at all events," Roden rejoined with a forced laugh, and put his hat straight and firmly on his head. "If it had been the open country I'd have beaten you by a mile. You'll have a cup of coffee and a cigarette, won't you?"

"I! No, thanks—nothing for me."

"Of course you will—without prejudice," declared Roden genially, beckoning an attendant. "Two coffees, please."

"Not for me," said the Sergeant, rubbing his face with his hand.

"And a cigarette," insisted Roden, offering his open case. "Come now, don't bear malice."

"No malice at all—none whatever. I don't let my personal feeling enter into my affairs of duty, and—well, just to prove it, I'll have a cigarette then. And I don't mind waiting while you have a cup of coffee. But there are rules, very necessary rules."

"Yes, I suppose so," muttered Roden, lighting up. "But they make very good coffee here."

He pulled a box of dominoes across the marble-topped table, and began fidgeting with them nervously till the young woman came with the coffee, when he pushed the box away.

"Not for me, miss," said the Sergeant flatly declining his cup.

"Leave it," Roden ordered, and pulling out a handful of small change, paid for both.

In returning the money to his pocket as the young woman turned away, he let a couple of coins slip to the floor. One rolled, and the Sergeant stopped it with a foot, and bending down to recover the other, Roden was able to shift the table slightly, thus ascertaining that it was not fixed to the floor.

Roden sipped from his cup, and blew as if he found the beverage hot, then resting his arms on his knees, his hands hidden under the table, he leant forward confidentially, but out of the tail of his eye he was watching three young men chaffing one of the attendents and obstructing the way to the stairs.

"How did you leave Mr. Tonhill?" he inquired slyly. "It struck me he was not looking well."

The Sergeant shook his head gravely.

"That sort of game doesn't pay," he observed. "Violence is no good; only makes bad worse."

"Couldn't be worse," answered Roden, merely playing for time while the three young men trooped upstairs, and the young woman moved out of the way. "And I enjoyed hitting him as a hungry man enjoys a well-cooked dinner. Have you never hated anybody?"

"Never."

"Really? . . . And I hope you never will." Roden's voice rose as he started to his feet, and heaving the table over so that it knocked the Sergeant backwards to the floor, he made a dash for the stairs. He caught a foot in the iron leg, and fell sprawling. But he was up again in an instant.

"Stop him!—my prisoner!" shouted Sergeant Heap, struggling under the weight of the table.

A man who had sprung to his assistance made a grab at Roden, and, missing, leapt after him and caught him by the left arm.

Roden swung round upon him with an angry right-hand jab to the jaw, and as the man reeled away he flung round again and sped up the stairs.

Fast as he dared run through the traffic he made across the road and down Budge Row,

but he slowed up as he entered the hurrying throng streaming towards Cannon Street Station.

Breathless and elated, he went along with the throng, caring little for the time being where he went. But as his excitement began to abate he drew into the end of a dark passage to consider afresh the problem he was no nearer solving through his escape.

It exasperated him to reflect that it was his wedding eve and that Ethel was probably packing for the honeymoon, her dear eyes bright with smiles, her face aglow, supremely unconscious that a man waited beneath her apartments threatening

Roden's voice rose as he started to his feet, and heaving the table over so that it knocked the Sergeant backwards to the floor, he made a dash for the stairs.

disaster to all their plans for the future. But it was no time for exasperating reflection. At eleven o'clock on the morrow Ethel would attend at the superintendent registrar's—followed, no doubt, by a detective—unless, much to her amazement, he telegraphed putting it off. . . . And to put the marriage off would be playing into Tonhill's hands. . . .

It suddenly occurred to Roden that he might telegraph to Ethel to go out for half-an-hour and return to her rooms, say, at eight. Anybody watching the house, and having seen the telegram delivered, would surely follow her, so that the coast would then be clear for him to enter the house; and as soon as she returned he could explain the situation to her and discuss how they might elude the police on the morrow. That done, Ethel could go out again to entice the police away from the house while he escaped.

So, wheeling out of the passage, he started down the street to the nearest post office. While he stood at the counter, waiting for the busy clerk to check his telegram, he decided that by having his moustache shaved off, buying a cap to exchange for his hat, a low collar for his high one, and a fawn or green rainproof for his grey Chesterfield coat, he might effect sufficient alteration in his appearance to enable him to escape recognition in the streets and omnibuses. He could leave his discarded things to be called for in a few days.

It was a happy idea that heartened him, and, eager to put it into effect, the moment he was at liberty he turned from the counter and pushed his way into the street with so much precipitancy that he almost ran into the extended finger by which Tonhill was excitedly pointing him out to a constable.

Whether Tonhill had followed him or simply chanced to see him at the post office in passing or on entering for some purpose of his own, Roden did not try to guess. The encounter was so unexpected it struck him spellbound for the moment. Though filled with horrible alarm, he stood and stared, gaping.

"I tell you there's a warrant for him," Tonhill almost screamed, enraged by the constable's imperturbability.

"I've only your word for it," answered the officer, looking at Roden consideringly. "I don't know you—don't know him. Anybody could come up——"

Then Roden recovered from the lethargy of his amazement and stepped quickly aside to bolt across the road.

Tonhill saw the movement, and swinging after him in a frenzy of baffled rage, hit at him blindly with the handle of his umbrella.

The blow caught Roden just under the ear as he plunged into the road, and, reeling giddily, he clutched at the air to get his balance.

A motor-horn blaring under his face warned him that the moving object in the flickering fog in his eyes was an omnibus. As he recoiled weakly he received another blow, this time on the right shoulder. He scarcely felt it, but he was in a strange, dull way conscious that Tonhill was close behind him, pulling at his arm, and, tearing free, he staggered forward.

Again a motor-horn blared wildly, and yet again, quite close behind him. A strong voice shouted and a woman screamed. Then one of his plunging feet caught against a kerbstone and he pitched headlong against somebody, who staggered at his weight but saved him from falling. He dropped upon one knee and a dozen hands seemed to clasp him and drag him up and forward. All about him was confusion—a babel of hushed and strained voices, of agitated objects blurred by the dimness of his sight. He was pressed to sit upon a flight of steps, and someone spoke to him. He answered mumblingly, without understanding the question, and trying to grasp its nature he caught snatches of the hurried talk in the air over his aching head.

"What happened? I didn't see. Was he knocked down? Which 'bus was it? Taken faint, I think. No, no, he's dead. Who's dead? I can't tell what happened. Quite a young man. Oh, went right over him. Here's his hat."

"What happened to you?" demanded the constable gruffly as Roden got up.

"He's bleeding behind the ear," somebody volunteered. "It looked to me as if the other man tried to push him under the car."

"P'r'aps you're not much out, either," rejoined the constable grimly. "*I* saw what happened, as far as that goes, but as the 'bus got the other I lost sight of this one."

A horrible sense of comprehension broke upon Roden; he felt, saw, and heard things as he had not at the time.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed in a thick voice made slow by horror, "d'you mean that Tonhill's dead?"

"Now, don't crowd round," ordered the constable to the people pressing him. "Step back a bit. Yes—if his name's Tonhill. He's got what he meant you to get, I reckon. Now, tell me—is that where he hit you? Well, let's have your name and address."

Roden let himself down on to the steps again. He had sense enough to realise his name did not matter now. He had nothing to fear for himself or for Ethel. The way was clear.

NAN.

AS I stand upon the hilltop and gaze across the plain,
To watch the morning mists arise and show the earth again
I see the world around me in its clear simplicity,
As though a veil were lifted and the past brought back to me.
Little Nan, those days were sweet, and yet they passed away
What would you and I have given just to make them stay?

In the glory of the sunrise across the sleeping sea,
I see the joyful little smile you always kept for me:
And the ripple of your laughter—I hear it where I stand,
As the sea, awaking, scatters her wavelets on the sand.
Little Nan, those days were sweet, and yet they passed away:
What would you and I have given just to make them stay?

The wind among the tree-tops and the gently waving grass,
The clouds so slowly drifting in a long procession past,
Appear to me to mimic all the beauties of your hair—
But, though they all have beauty, they are none of them so fair.
Little Nan, those days were sweet, and yet they passed away:
What would you and I have given just to make them stay?

The sun in all her splendour and the moon within her night,
The stars that fill the heavens with their soft and tender light,
The comet in her glory—all the wonders of the skies—
Can never but remind me of the light within your eyes.
Little Nan, those days were sweet, and yet they passed away
What would you and I have given just to make them stay?

THE SINKING OF THE "I.8.U."

By Francis Redaway.

I have been faintly jealous of my dear old friend the Editor of "Pearson's Magazine," who includes in the chaste pages of that sheet the chronicles of Sir Owen Kettle, a not unfamous man of the sea. In consequence, I have persuaded a gifted writer to provide me with the next best thing, and here it is.—Ed. R. M.

"Submarine on the port bow!" cried the look-out man.

"Ay, ay!" answered Captain Scuttle, raising his glass and looking in the direction indicated.

Next instant it fell from his hand, and the amber liquid foamed across the deck. The stethoscope protruding from the waves was pale blue with a yellow water-mark! A German!

The Captain drew his pistol and fired; the messenger of death exploded in mid-air.

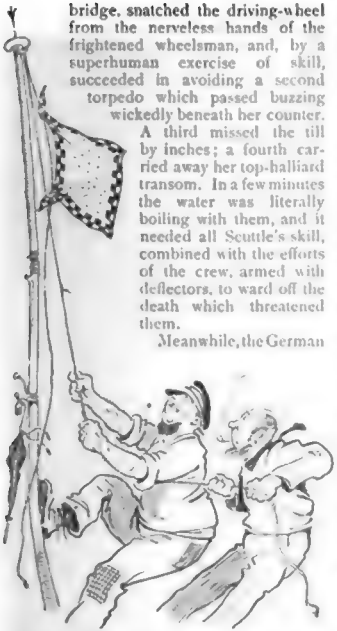
"Wear away!" he cried. "For your lives! Wear away!"

The man at the wheel wore, and the *Saucy Caroline* skidded badly, but righted before she had gone many knots. Then a column of water rose under her stern, and a torpedo leaping from the waves was apparently about to fall upon the deck. In a flash the Captain drew his pistol and fired; the messenger of death exploded in mid-air, and the little vessel, drenched with petrol and nitroglycerine, but otherwise unharmed, continued her headlong course.

The Captain, dashing from the

bridge, snatched the driving-wheel from the nerveless hands of the frightened wheelsman, and, by a superhuman exercise of skill, succeeded in avoiding a second torpedo which passed buzzing wickedly beneath her counter. A third missed the till by inches; a fourth carried away her top-halliard transom. In a few minutes the water was literally boiling with them, and it needed all Scuttle's skill, combined with the efforts of the crew, armed with deflectors, to ward off the death which threatened them.

Meanwhile, the German



"Hoist Bill Bluggin's handkerchief!" shouted the Captain in desperation. . . . The honest sailor's property fluttered to the masthead.

was rapidly overhauling them, and at last she was so close that they could read her number-plate and see the officer on the turret as he watched the chase through the stethoscope. It was only a question of minutes now, for the crew were growing weary, and their arms ached with the weight of the poles of their deflectors. A torpedo is no light weight either, and no sooner had they thrust away one batch from the ship's sides than others took their places.

"Hoist Bill Bluggin's handkerchief!" shouted the Captain in desperation.

He scarcely dared to hope that his ruse would be successful, but, to his joy, as the honest sailor's property fluttered to the masthead, the shoal of torpedoes thinned out perceptibly, and in a few moments ceased altogether.

He guessed what had happened when he saw signals appearing on the submarine. Her Commander, puzzled by the remarkable ensign of the *Saucy Caroline*, was anxious to know what fresh neutral flag he was to have the honour and glory of abusing, and was seeking to learn before it was too late.

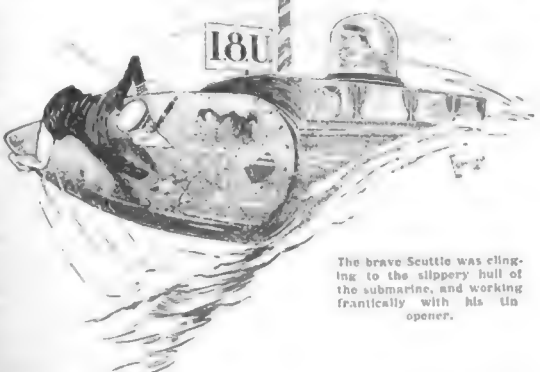
The skipper of the *Saucy Caroline* chuckled.

"Hoist Arthur's shirt next!" he cried, "the one with the blue spots. Keep her busy!"

Then, snatching up a tin-opener, he plunged into the water.

He had covered nearly half the distance between his ship and the enemy before the German Commander sighted him. No sooner did he do so, however, than the Teuton read the British sailor's purpose in his stiffly-set eye, and aimed a powerful torpedo at him. But his hand shook in his excitement, the missile missed its mark, and before another could be fired, the brave Scuttle was clinging to the slippery hull of the submarine, and working frantically with his tin-opener.

It was a desperate undertaking. The sides of the vessel were tough,



The brave Scuttle was clinging to the slippery hull of the submarine, and working frantically with his tin opener.

and his task was rendered more difficult still by the binnacles with which she was encrusted. Moreover, the vessel was flying through the waves at full speed, turning, twisting, now diving almost to the bottom, now leaping high into the air, as the crew made every possible effort to shake off their assailant. Still the hero worked on, though he was becoming exhausted, and was at times almost drowned.

At last he felt his instrument sink in, and a thin line of bubbles began to make its way from the side of the monster. Then began a furious race between Captain Scuttle outside with his tin-opener and the Germans inside armed with soldering irons. But strive as the latter might, they could do nothing against the feverish energy of the Englishman. In spite of their efforts to seal it up, the cut in the armour grew ever longer and wider, the air bubbled out faster and faster, the inrush of water grew ever greater.

At last, with cries and yells of despair, they saw the whole after part of the submarine break off with a rending crash, and disappear.

One dreadful scream went up, then all was still.

Captain Scuttle was alone save for a pool of oil and a couple of white mice struggling on the surface of the deep.

Smiling tenderly, he placed the little creatures in his bosom, and with powerful strokes returned to his ship.

(*"What did Scuttle do with the mice?" you ask, and it is a natural question. We should like to tell you, and also publish their photographs, or even offer them as a prize in a simple competition. But, alas, it is impossible. The Censor will not hear of it. He says they are (a) alien mice, and (b) we have too many mice of our own already.*)

LINES ON A CAMP SHOWER-BATH.

I.

Clad in all the chaste perfection
Of my primal birthday dress,
I survey this quaint erection
For dispensing cleanliness.
Chill and agonising breezes
Blow about me as I stand,
Shaken by cyclonic sneezes,
With a tap in either hand.

II.

Apprehensively I wonder
What the consequence will be,
When the jet I cower under
Pours its contents over me.
Will a swift and icy torrent
From its perforations teem,
Or an even more abhorrent
Cloud of superheated steam?

III.

Well I know the diabolic
Habits of this kind of bath,
Alternating vitriolic
Heat and frosty aftermath.
Thus it is I pause and shiver
On the brink, to speculate
Whether it will first deliver
Steam or ice upon my pate.

IV.

Well, here goes! I loose the tether
That confines the cataract,
Turning on both taps together . . .
Strange! it somehow fails to act.
Not till now had I suspected
All my preparations vain—
Both the pipes are disconnected,
So I'd better dress again!

C. R. Green.

For "Soldiers and Sailors Too"

All the contributions on this page were sent in by officers and men serving in H.M. Forces. A pack of ROYAL playing-cards or a silver pencil-case is given for every accepted anecdote, joke, bit of verse, or drawing sent in by a sailor or soldier. Please say which gift you prefer, and address envelopes to The O.C., ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A LOSS TO THE NAVY.

They were two small boys, aged not more than eight, and they were exchanging confidences on the subject of their future careers.

"You know," said one, "I meant to be a sailor, but I've changed my mind. I don't think now that I'll go into the Navy."

"Oh," said the other, in tones of concern, "and does Jellicoe know?"

ONLY ONE FALL.

SERGEANT (to British "Tommy" who has fallen out on the march): "Well, Perkins, what's the matter? This is the sixth time you have fallen out on the march to-day."

BRITISH "TOMMY": "Well, ye see, Sergeant, as it happens my feet are not my fortune."

SERGEANT (rather angry at being told off): "You ought to have joined the Flying Corps. You would only have had to fall out once then."

THE OBVIOUS STEPS.

While the Australian troops were sailing from Egypt to France, a big submarine guard was mounted on each transport. Number two post was down below in the mess deck facing the gangway, leading up to the boat deck. The duties of two post were: On hearing three blasts of the ship's siren, close the bulkhead and all portholes in the vicinity of the post, then double up to the boat deck.

The Orderly Officer approached a sentry posted on two one night and questioned him.

"Are you quite sure of the duties of this post, sentry?"

"Yes, sir," answered the sentry.

"Good! Now, in case of a submarine attack, what steps would you take?" asked the officer.

"Them, sir, six at a time, as soon as I heard three blasts of the boat's siren," said the sentry, pointing to the gangway.

JUST HIS LUCK!

Heedless of the "whizz-bangs," etc., with which the Huns were bombarding our trenches, four "Tommies" sat in their dug-out enjoying a game of solo. A hand had just been dealt when a shell crashed through the roof of their snug little home.

Extricating himself from the heap of *débris* some seconds later one of the "Tommies," after looking round in vain for his comrades, exclaimed in tones of utter disgust:

"Just my bloomin' luck, and me with a cert 'and fer 'Royal Abundance,' too!"

WINDMILL PUDDING.

A recruit, who was being sent to a certain station, asked one of his pals who had been there for a year what kind of food they got.

"Oh," said his pal, "very good food. You get pudding after dinner every day."

"What kind of pudding had you to-day?" asked the recruit.

"Oh," said the other, "windmill pudding."

The recruit stood thinking for a moment, then, turning round, asked:

"What kind of pudding is windmill pudding?"

"Oh, well," said his pal, "if it goes round you get a bit."

WHERE "TOMMY" SCORED.

At a certain hospital in France, the matron, for some reason of her own, thought that the "Tommies" under her care should not visit the village near by. Passes were allowed, but they were few and far between. One day a "Tommy" applied for a pass, and the matron asked him why he wanted to visit the village.

"I want to get something from a shop there," he said.

"Well, as I am going to the village myself, I may as well get it for you," was her reply.

"Well, as you seem so determined, bring me a haircut and a shave," replied the man.

: THE GRUDGE :

By T. C. Bridges.

"If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him."

Grey dawn on a bleak March morning is a queer hour for a man to call at the house of the girl he is engaged to. But as he knocked sharply at the door of the snug, slate-roofed house that stood all by itself under the far corner of the Prison Plantation, there was no eager anticipation on Martin Fleming's clean-cut face. He looked anxious and worried.

The door was opened by a bluff, sturdy-looking man whose beard and hair were just beginning to grizzle.

"You, Martin!" he exclaimed in a tone of very evident surprise. Then, as he caught the troubled expression in the younger man's eyes, "What's wrong?" he asked sharply. "Has Buckner——"

The other did not give him time to complete his sentence.

"Nothing to do with Buckner," he answered. "I want you to come with me, Mr. Chilcot. I've something to show you."

"Right!" replied Chilcot, and turning, reached an overcoat from the peg. He slipped it on, took down a hat, and followed Fleming along the field path which led across the Upper Newtake, from the farm bailiff's house down into the prison meadows.

Fleming turned to the left and opened a gate in a six-foot wall. He glanced round as if to make sure of his direction, then led the way across the frozen grass to a point near the middle of the field. Here lay something that, at first sight, might have been a patch of dirty snow, but as they reached it resolved itself into a sheep huddled up and stone dead.

"Good Heavens, one of the Southdown ewes!" exclaimed Chilcot. "What's it died of, Martin?"

"Look, and you'll see," responded the younger man grimly.

Chilcot bent and examined the dead ewe. The light was stronger now, and as he raised his head there was a startled expression on his square face.

"What's done this?" he muttered hoarsely. "Her throat's all torn out, and look at her poor body!"

In truth the dead creature was not a pretty sight. She was mangled and slashed in a truly ghastly fashion.

"Might have been a wolf," he added, "if there were such things about."

"A human wolf," answered Fleming sombrely. "That's knife work, not teeth."

Chilcot looked again.

"You're right, Martin," he said. "Is there any more like this?"

"Not that I know of. It was just chance my finding this. I'd been down with the lambing ewes, and coming back I mighty nigh fell over her. Then I came for you."

Chilcot shook his head gravely.

"Twenty-five years I've been farm bailiff, and never saw a thing like this. Why, there isn't a lag in the prison as would maim a poor dumb beast this fashion."

"The lags are all locked up safe enough. It wasn't one of them. But"—Fleming's face hardened—"I tell you, Mr. Chilcot, I'm going to find out who did this if it takes me a month."

"Were there any marks about?" asked Chilcot.

"The ground's too hard. No, there's nothing to be found that way."

Chilcot drew a deep breath and straightened himself.

"Better come along back for a bite of breakfast, lad. After that we must go and tell the Colonel."

The sun was rising red over the bleak heights of Awne Head as the two reached the house again. A fair-haired, bright-faced girl of twenty hurried to the door to meet them.

"Why, father, what's brought you out this early? You, too, Martin—whatever's the matter?"

"There's a ewe dead, Evie," answered her father with a warning glance at Fleming. "Martin called me out to see if I could do

("THE GRUDGE" continued overleaf.)

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NASAL CATARRH.

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment.

We bring before our readers a treatment of undoubted value as a *cure* for Consumption; we refer to that promulgated by Dr. E. W. Alabone, at Highbury Quadrant, London, N., who for many years successfully treated sufferers from Phthisis, and through whose hands many thousands of cases given up as incurable received such benefit that in a very large percentage the disease was perfectly eradicated, and the patients are now pursuing their ordinary avocations in perfect health.

There is a host of witnesses to the success of the Alabone Treatment. One may take the experience of those who had been given up to die of consumption by our best known specialists. Their name is legion, and they come from all classes of society. Dukes and other peers, and persons of title, bishops, and men eminent in the legal and other professions have given their written and verbal statements, not only that they have experienced lasting benefit themselves, but that they have seen many cases similar to their own treated with equal success.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that the results are lasting, for it is in this essential feature that the Alabone Treatment differs from the so-called cures which have been introduced with a flourish of trumpets from time to time. It has undergone the test of forty years, and has emerged triumphant.

To refer fully to the evidence furnished by leading journals in support of the Alabone Treatment would occupy too much of our space; we therefore give brief extracts only from the following journal:—

In a recent issue of "Truth," in a long article describing the life-work of Dr. Alabone, the editor of that journal makes the following comment:—

"It is quite certain that he accomplished a large number of remarkable cures, succeeding again and again in cases which had been pronounced hopeless by the best professional authorities. . . . I myself have sent many patients to him. . . . Though this advice has been given so often, year after year, no one has ever complained subsequently of the results of having followed it. . . . *Prima facie* he did more for the cure of consumption than the whole medical faculty was able to do."

Any of our readers desiring further information regarding this specific treatment of phthisis and other diseases of the chest should write to the Secretary, the Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N., who will gladly answer any inquiry, from whom can also be obtained, post free for 2s. 6d., the important work, "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. (Eng). It is illustrated by numerous cases pronounced incurable by the most eminent physicians, and in its 49th edition. 178th thousand.

TO PAY BY CHEQUE IS A DIRECT ACT OF PATRIOTISM

It is just as vital that our National Credit should remain unchallenged as that our shores should remain inviolate from invasion.

A Drawing Account with Cheque Book can be opened by any responsible reader of this magazine. 2½ per cent. is allowed on approved credit balances.

If you are joining the colours, Farrow's Bank will undertake to receive monies due to you and otherwise assist you by acting as your Trustees. Send for full particulars of this service at any of our numerous Branches.

Special Booklet sent post free.

FARROW'S BANK LTD.

Head Office:-

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

A.H. & Co.

When buying toilet preparations make sure they are British. All the Vinolia articles are of British manufacture and are the best of their kind.

THE ELEMENTS OF BRITISH BEAUTY—CELTIC.

Celtic, Roman, Norse, Danish, Norman—all have had their share, no less than climate, in contributing to that fresh loveliness for which Britain's daughters are envied by the fair of other nations.

WE know with certainty that amongst our Celtic forebears good teeth were practically universal. This was largely due to the healthy, open-air life which the Celts lived, and to their wholesome and simple food.

Under modern conditions of civilization the teeth require far more attention and care than was necessary in those days; but by the regular use, night and morning, of Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste, the teeth can be kept in a condition which rivals that of the teeth of our Celtic ancestors.

In Tubes, 6d. & 10½d. each.

For those who prefer the powder form, Royal Vinolia Tooth Powder will be found equally satisfactory.

In Tins, 7½d. & 1/-

Royal Vinolia TOOTH PASTE

VINOLIA Co L^TD LONDON PARIS.

anything. So I brought him back to breakfast."

"That's nice," said Eve. "Come into the kitchen, both of you. It's warm there."

Chilcot stumped down the passage, while Eve put up her face in the most natural manner for her sweetheart's kiss.

For the moment the horrid sight of the mangled ewe faded from Martin's mind, and as his lips met hers he forgot everything else except that he was the luckiest chap alive to have won the love of Eve Chilcot.

He had some reason to be proud, for Eve had been the belle of the prison community these two years past, and he had carried her off from a dozen rivals, including Abel Buckner, the long-limbed giant from Yorkshire, who was the strongest and, many said, the handsomest man in the whole prison service.

Eve was as capable as she was charming; the rashers were delicately grilled, and the butter, the clotted cream, and the jam, all made by her own hands, were as good as they could possibly be.

"Are you going to Taviton to-day, father?" asked Eve, as she poured him a second cup of tea.

"No; it will be to-morrow, my dear. I'm busy to-day. And Friday I'll ride over to Harracombe and see Horton."

Eve's face lit up.

"You're going to take over the farm stock, father?" she asked eagerly.

Chilcot nodded soberly.

"Aye, that'll be it. 'Tis only a fortnight, come Monday, that we leave this place, Evie. Will you be sorry to go, girl?"

Eve smiled and blushed a little.

"Not me, father, not since Martin is coming with us."

"And what about you, Martin?" asked Chilcot.

"You don't need to ask me," replied Fleming with a glance at the girl. "And, anyway, I won't be sorry to leave the prison service. I'd a lot sooner deal with horses and cows than the chaps in there."

Breakfast over, Chilcot and his future son-in-law left for the prison. On the way they talked not of the slain sheep, but of their arrangements for the next few days. Chilcot's period of service was up at the end of the month, and he was taking his pension. With his savings he was renting a farm at Harracombe, on the edge of the Moor, and Fleming and his daughter, who were to be married the following week, would help him to manage the place.

Chilcot told Martin that he intended to go to the bank at Taviton next day and draw the money to pay the outgoing tenant for the stock. That business he would conclude on the Friday, so as to have all ready for the wedding and the move.

They caught Colonel Peyton, the Governor, just as he arrived in his office after the usual morning inspection, and Fleming told him about the murdered sheep. He and Chilcot were both somewhat surprised to see how seriously the Governor took the matter. He asked a number of questions, then went with them to the spot, and himself carefully examined the dead creature. Now that the sun was up, the extraordinary and wanton ferocity with which the ewe had been killed was even more plainly evident.

His stern old face bore a very grave expression as he finished his examination. Then he directed them to lock the carcass in an empty outbuilding, and warned them particularly to say nothing of the matter to anyone.

Chilcot and Fleming obeyed their orders literally, but there is no place, with the possible exception of a girls' school, where news spreads with such mysterious rapidity as in a prison. How it got about Fleming had no notion, but that it had done so he very soon had proof.

Busy that morning with the lambing ewes, he had with him old Abe Maskett, a lifer who by long years of good conduct had won the blue collar and the privileges attached thereto.

Abe was a first-rate hand with sheep, and usually rather a silent old fellow. But when he did speak he was worth listening to, for he knew the prison and its history better probably than the Governor himself.

He and Fleming had finished work and were returning to the prison. They were passing the spot where the dead sheep had been found when Maskett, who had hardly said a word all the morning, turned to his warder.

"Red Peter's back, sir, I reckon," he observed.

"Red Peter?" repeated Fleming, startled.

Maskett nodded.

"That ewe, it were 'is work, I'll lay."

"Who's Red Peter? I never heard of him."

"Mebbe not, sir. It was afore you came. 'E were a big coffee-faced bloke as was in for killing of a stoker in a steamer. A proper devil 'e was. Come from Injia or some such place I've 'eard tell."

He stopped, and Fleming, after waiting a few moments, jogged his memory.

"What would he have come back for?"

"Mebbe to get square. 'E were hashed fer 'arf killing of a prison officer, and afore 'e went 'e swore as 'e'd have 'is own back. 'E

were going to out the Guv'nor an' all as 'ad anythink ter do with 'is bashing."

"But see here, Maskett. If this man was coming back for his revenge, why has he been so long about it?"

"Got another stretch, I reckon, somewheres abroad. Or else been away at sea."

Fleming considered what he had just heard. It sounded as if it might be a possible solution of the mystery. He turned to the old lag beside him.

"Have you mentioned this to anyone else, Maskett?"

"No, sir."

"Well, don't. I think likely you're right, and I'm going to watch to-night."

"I'll lay I'm right," said Maskett with conviction. "But if you're a-going to watch, Mr. Fleming, you keep your eyes skinned. Red Pete—'e wouldn't think twice afore treating you like 'e done that sheep."

During the dinner hour Fleming found Chilcot, and told him what he had heard.

The elder man ran his fingers through his grizzled beard.

"Red Pete," he said, puzzled. And then, "Ah, I remember now. I know who Abe means. Pierre Sarne his name is. Yes, a proper devil, as Abe says. Half nigger, I reckon. But the old chap has got mixed. It was from the West Indies Sarne came, place called Haiti, I believe."

"Haiti—that's the nigger island, isn't it? Yes, by jingo, that would explain it. I heard a lecture on Haiti once, and the lecturer said they were devil worshippers and cannibals to this day."

"And not a worse one than Sarne among 'em, I'll warrant," replied Chilcot gravely. "He very near murdered Principal Warder Hext. That's what he got the cat for. If he's really back, Martin, there's trouble brewing. He's cunning as a fox and mighty nigh as strong as Abel Buckner himself."

"And," he added, "there's plenty of places on the Moor where a chap like that could lie up—old tin mines and the like."

"What do you think? Had we better tell the Colonel?"

Chilcot considered a moment. "I reckon not. You see, this is only gossip of old Maskett's. And the Governor don't care for gossip. You and I will keep a watch on the sheep to-night."

But when night came they found that the responsibility was not going to lie only with them. Colonel Peyton had ordered out a dozen men who were to relieve one another at four-hour intervals. And when morning came, bleak and bitter as on the previous day, all was quiet. The sheep were safe, and there had been no sign of any prowling intruder.

That at least was the report made to the Governor.

Excitement calmed down, and Chilcot went off to Taviton to draw the money for his purchase at Harracombe Farm. He drew almost the whole of his balance, a matter of one hundred and thirty pounds, and brought it back in notes. He arrived by the train reaching Moorlands at six-thirty, and walked straight up to his house for supper.

At the corner just beyond the prison gate he found Martin Fleming waiting for him, and Martin's expression was even more serious than it had been on the previous morning. So grave was it that it startled the elder man, and he pulled up short.

"Another sheep?" he asked sharply.

"No," Martin answered. "'Tis a pony this time."

Chilcot gasped. "Not—not killed?"

"Yes, killed just like the sheep was. A terrible sight!

"It was Buckner found it," he continued, "up in Stonelake pasture. He took two men up to mend a wall this afternoon, and there it lay. He brought the news in about five o'clock, and I went up myself. By the look of it the job was done some time last night."

"Does the Colonel know?"

"Yes, and a proper state he's in, too. He's going to have all the stock up to-night. They're driving them in now."

"I hope they'll catch the chap," said Chilcot very seriously.

"If they don't," answered Fleming, "I'm going to tell the Colonel to-morrow what Maskett said. It's no more than right he should know."

Chilcot nodded. "Aye, it might be best," he agreed. "I'm coming to think that Maskett's right. A white man wouldn't ever do such devilish things as these.

"Will you come to supper, lad?" he added.

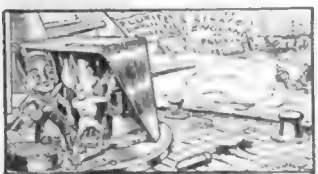
But Fleming for once refused. "I'm dog-tired," he said, "after the last two nights. Give my love to Evie. I'll see her in the morning before you and I start for Harracombe."

Fleming went straight to the mess-room where the unmarried warders had their meals. He had just sat down to his supper when in came Abel Buckner. With his great height and huge shoulders he seemed to block the doorway as he entered.

"Evening, Fleming," he said, as he hung up his cap and took a seat opposite. He had never appeared other than friendly with his successful rival, yet Fleming felt instinctively that his friendliness was all on the surface, and that there was hate behind those hard blue eyes and handsome face.

("THE GRUDGE" continued overleaf.)

Send HIM
a Guaranteed Ingersoll,
the ONLY inexpensive Watch
that will stand up to its work in the Trenches with him
the Factory work in the very same appearance, and
always prove a reliable dependable
Not only will a reliable Watch attract him good service
but it will prove a real companion and friend
We particularly recommend the famous Dollar Lever in
Ironclad, every one you the correct time as well as right
as to day
Ingersolls are on sale by Local British Dealers and
for YOUR protection the name is on the dial of
every genuine Ingersoll Watch.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue—it is free.
INGERSOLL WATCH COMPANY, Ltd.,
30 REGENT HOUSE, KINGSWAY
LONDON, W.C.
(Crown, 5/6
(Temporary price
Triumph, 6/6
Eclipse, 10/-
Junior, 12/6
Midget, 12/6
Wrist, 13/6
Reliance, 17/6
Luminous Dials, 2/6 or 5/- extra
Ingersoll
QUALITY
WATCHES



The Fleet that Fled.
AND claimed the fight.
Came out 'tis said,
To cook Fluxite.

FLUXITE

Is used not only by the British Government [illegible] manufacturing munitions of war, but also by our Allies, who recognise it as the paste that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Both Amateurs and Mechanics will learn Fluxite. With it you can repair your pots and pans, and other metal articles.

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2 & 2/4.

THE "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pair of Blow-Lamps, Fluxite, Solder, etc.

Sample Set, Post Paid United Kingdom, 5/6.

AUTO-CONTROLLER CO., 309 Fluxite Bldgs., Rotherhithe, S.E.

"SANITAS"
FRAGRANT & NON-POISONOUS
DISINFECTANT
DOES NOT STAIN LINEN
1/3 Bottles Fluid
6d. Bottles Fluid No. 2 (Crude)
6d. & 1/- Tins Powder
Soaps & Fumigators

TRAINING FOR BUSINESS AND SECRETARIAL POSITIONS.

Pitman's Schools

BUSINESS, SECRETARIAL & CIVIL SERVICE TRAINING

Call or write for Prospectus of Day, Evening, or Postal Courses.

90,000 SUCCESSES.

Address (mentioning No. 74)
Secretary, Pitman's School,
[illegible] Row, W.C.

Branch Schools:
Brixton, Croydon, Ealing, Finsbury Park, Forest Gate and Wimbledon.

Two of the Best

Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut
Player's Medium Navy Cut
Player's "Tawny" Navy Cut
per 7D. ounce

Player's 'White Label' Navy Cut
per 6D. ounce

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe
per 1 6 2-oz tin.

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—
Tin of 100 . . . 3/8
Tin of 50 . . . 1/10

Medium Navy Cut—
Card Box of 100 . 3/-
Card Box of 50 . 1/7

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
REGISTERED No 154011

For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home, and for the Front at Duty Free Rates. Terms on application to:—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P644

An Advertisement in the making.

This illustration shows an advertisement in rough-idea form. The artist will redraw the portion in solid black. The faint lines denote the space the letterpress is to occupy. The marginal notes instruct the printer what kind and sizes of type are to be used.

The idea behind the advertisement was derived from the fact that many of our soldiers use "Swan" Pens, and have proved their efficiency under war conditions. The heading conveys this in a simple phrase which would be backed up by the matter that follows.

Look for the finished advertisement in next month's issue.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD.,
79 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.

"Cold, ain't it?" he continued in his deep bass. "You going to make another night of it?"

"No, I've had enough," replied Fleming quietly. "I'm going to turn in."

"Best thing, too. They'll never get Red Pete by watching. That fellow is cunning as an old dog fox."

"You really think it is Sarne?" said Fleming, interested in spite of himself.

"Think? I'm sure of it as that I sit here. I remember him right enough, for I took on six months before he finished his last stretch. He was the worst ever. I'll never forget his face after he had that bashing. I was one o' the two that took him to the infirmary. If looks go for anything, he'd have sold his soul to get even."

The orderly came with Buckner's food, and he applied himself to it with an appetite commensurate with his great frame. Fleming, too, was busy with his supper, and the two talked no more.

As soon as he had finished, Fleming went straight to his quarters. The night was black, and a biting wind from the north-east moaned among the tall chimneys. Something like a grain of cold white sand struck his face, and he realised suddenly that it was beginning to snow.

He had treated himself to a fire in his room, and it was very warm and cosy. He sat down and pulled off his boots; then, before he began to undress, he went to the window and looked out.

The air was full of dancing flakes. The snow was coming down in real earnest. Fleming stood for some minutes looking out at the fast whitening yard. As he closed the window again his face was thoughtful.

"This should give a chance to track him," he said half aloud. "That is, if there's not too much of it. I believe I'll wait a while and see."

He took a book, and for the next hour there was no sound in the room but the tick of the cheap clock on the mantel and the moan of the wind outside. At last he got up and went to the window again.

It was lighter. The stars were shining in a frosty sky, and the ground, the roofs, everything gleamed faintly white. With a sigh, Fleming kicked off his slippers and put on his boots again. A few minutes later, coated and capped and carrying his heaviest stick, he was outside.

The cold was bitter, and he shivered a little and thought with regret of his warm room and bed. But only for a moment. Martin Fleming had been very deeply stirred by the two atrocious butcheries, and he had meant every word he said when he told Chilcot that he would find the offender if it took him a month.

True, the stock were all up, but Sarne, if it was Sarne, would probably not know this. The chances were that he would be on the prowl again, and this snow gave a chance of tracking him that might never occur again.

He went briskly up the road, and above the prison turned in through a gate and on to a cart track leading down towards the Stone Brook. On the inch-deep carpet of soft snow he moved without a sound.

As he went his thoughts were busy. He was trying to figure out where this murderous ruffian would be hiding. It was cold weather. He would need shelter, yet at the same time he could not be very far off. Fleming knew the Moor better than most. He was fond of tramping, and had poked about in all sorts of odd spots. Two places were likely finds—one the old stone quarry at Dunnavale, the other the ancient tin workings under Badger Tor.

Dunnavale was the nearer. He tried that. The great gap in the granite yawned black against the widespread sheet of snow. He made a wide circle around it, going cautiously, for he had no idea of running recklessly into the clutches of the blood-thirsty mulatto.

Not a footmark sullied the carpet of snow, and he turned next to where the turreted head of Badger Tor humped itself against the night sky. The bowels of the vast rock mass were seamed with old galleries, and as he approached the main entrance he bent double, ducking from one gorse bush to the next.

Suddenly his heart gave a great throb, then started racing. There, in the snow before him, was the mark of a huge boot. He bent and examined it. It was one of a row of similar marks, and they went due west in the direction of the prison.

Fleming straightened himself, took a firmer grip of his stick, and started off. There was plenty of light to see the great sprawling marks, and Fleming's pace was nearer five miles an hour than four. Straight as a die the tracks crossed the Moor, and presently led him up under the western wall of the prison farm.

He watched them carefully, every minute expecting that the mulatto would have turned to the left into the fields. But no. The steps followed the wall the whole way, led down to the Stone Brook, which the ex-convict had evidently crossed by jumping from rock to rock, then up the hill beyond until Hisworthy Tor, with its steep side dark with firs, rose like a black wall in front.

Fleming came to the gate leading into the Upper Meadow. The tracks turned in here. Now, for the first time, the excitement of the chase gave way to a sense of real uneasiness. The farm bailiff's house was but a couple of hundred yards away, on the far side of the field. And when he saw that the tracks turned straight in that direction Fleming's whole being throbbed with sudden sharp anxiety.

Sarne was out for food. That must be his object. And what house more likely for him to attempt to raid than the Chilcots'? Standing as it did, all alone, hidden from the prison by the angle of the plantation, it was precisely the place that the man would choose.

Forgetting caution, forgetting everything except that this human wild beast might at that very moment be under the same roof as Eve, Fleming set to running towards the house. His fears were realised. The great splayed steps led straight to the wall surrounding the garden, and up it to a point halfway between the eastern end and the road. Here grew a small mountain ash, the bare, snow-clad branches extending over the wall, which was of dry (that is, unmortared) stone and about four feet high. This was where the man had crossed over into the garden.

Fleming's heart thumped and his breath came thick and hard as he peered over and saw the marks, dark against the white snow, leading directly towards the back door of the house. He stood an instant quite still, breathing deeply, trying to get control of himself. Well he knew that everything depended upon his doing the right thing. His one chance was to surprise the brute, for against Sarne's giant strength his own, he knew, would be useless unless he took the man unawares.

He straightened himself, grasped a branch of the ash, and had one foot on a jutting stone when suddenly a shadowy something loomed up close under the back wall of the house, but on the far side of the back door.

A figure, a man. Yes, it must be Sarne, although in the dim light he could tell nothing except that it moved, and that—from its position—it was opposite the scullery window.

In spite of his desperate anxiety he could have cried out with sheer relief. At any rate, the scoundrel was not yet inside the house, and so far Eve was safe. He planned like lightning. He would let Sarne get into the scullery. The window fastening was flimsy, and the man would have no difficulty in forcing it. Then would be the time to follow. He himself would slip in behind, and ten to one catch the man raiding the larder, which was to the left. It would be hard indeed if he could not get in one blow before the ex-convict knew of his presence.

The window seemed to offer no resistance at all. Almost at once the shadow melted into a gap of darkness beyond. There was not a sound. The moment Sarne was gone Fleming swung lightly on to the top of the wall. As he put his foot on the top the stone on which he rested his weight slipped. He made a sharp effort to recover himself, failed, and fell heavily forwards, the stone rolling over with a loud crunch on the inner side of the wall.

For a moment he lay half stunned. But the urgency of the situation braced him. He scrambled painfully to his feet.

His right ankle was cruelly ricked, and he was limping badly as he hurried forward to the window. But in his excitement he hardly felt the pain.

The lower sash of the window was pushed right up. He paused breathlessly, listening for sounds from within. His straining ears caught a faint shuffling, but not from the larder. Sarne had apparently passed straight through into the kitchen.

There was not a spark of light. The raider must have closed the inner door behind him.

It might have been wiser to wait a few moments until he was more certain of Sarne's whereabouts, but Fleming's anxiety was too intense for that. There was always the chance that the fellow might go forward into the front part of the house. If Eve or her father heard him they would most certainly come down. Fleming's flesh crept at the thought, and slipping his leg over the sill he was instantly inside.

He limped across the little back kitchen. The door was shut. He groped for the handle, turned it softly, and peeped through.

The coals in the range were still aglow, throwing out a faint, reddish light—faint, yet enough to show that the room was empty, and that the door beyond leading into the narrow hall was open.

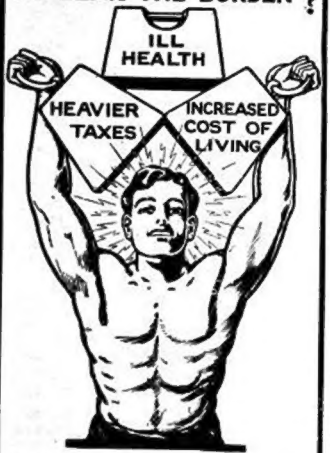
His worst fears were realised. For some object unknown Sarne had gone through into the front of the house.

Forgetting his strained ankle, Fleming darted forward. His weight came full on the damaged joint, and it gave completely. He caught at the table and saved a fall, but the pain was excruciating. Big beads of perspiration burst out on his forehead, and he bit his lip to keep down a groan of agony. For the moment it was physically impossible to move.

It was at this instant that he heard the stairs creak. Sarne was going up. What

("THE ORDEAL" continued overleaf.)

ARE YOU FIT AND ABLE TO BEAR THE BURDEN?



In these strenuous times we must have our full resources at our command. Weakly and suffering, you cannot bear the strain. You require vigorous health and strength, and these you will only regain with Nature's own remedy: Electricity.

The celebrated "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery gives you just the right nature of current, of sufficient volume to saturate your whole system with this life-giving element. **It infuses new energy, vim and power into every single nerve, muscle and tissue of your organism.** You just apply the Battery for one hour daily, whilst resting, and this new life is pumped into your body without shock, inconvenience or irritation of any kind. It is powerful, but soothing, and thousands of "Ajax" patients will tell you that it achieves all we claim for it.

Cures are obtained in the most chronic cases, even when all other methods have failed. Write at once for our explanatory book, entitled, **"Electricity, the Road to Health,"** which describes how weakness is overcome and replaced by luxuriant health and strength; how pains and aches are driven out and all nerve troubles banished for ever.

WE SEND IT FREE

It costs you nothing, so write at once. You will then learn how Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Paralysis, Bowel, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a host of others, are cured by the most successful treatment in existence. Write whilst you have it in your mind and this most interesting book, fully illustrated, will at once be sent you under plain cover, FREE OF ALL CHARGE, by return of post. It will be an eye-opener to you, so write to-day, now.

AJAX LTD.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE
(Dept. 21), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

The Night's Sweetest Perfume

—that exquisite fragrance which reigns supreme in the dim silence of the English garden, when summer's fire—is given to you, in all its natural beauty by Zenobia

Night-Scented Stock

This Perfume was originated by Zenobia, Ltd.; so also was

Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom

Each of these is sold at 2/9, 3/11, 5/6, and 11/6.

Zenobia Lily of the Valley

This also is a great favourite among all those who love delicate perfumes. Price 2/3, 3/11, 6/9, and 11/6 per bottle.

ZENOBIA
TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers & Stores.

Zenobia Eau de Colonne is admitted to be unequalled. Price 1/3, 2/6, & 5/- per bot.

ZENOBIA, LTD., Loughboro', Leicester.

International Art

An Italian Pupil did this Sketch. His work has an uncommon touch, which is now receiving merited recognition. *See his illustrated article in this issue of* THE ROYAL.

More than one half my pupils are serving the Allies' cause. In days pre-war, my Postal Courses were studied in every land. To-day, their utility for military purposes has vastly increased my list of pupils, which is exclusively confined to the Allies and friendly neutrals only.

Clever character work by an Italian Pupil of the Press Art School.

CAN YOU SKETCH?

Send a postcard for my two Prospectuses, describing Postal Courses in Drawing for Beginners and Advanced Pupils. With each, the new Military Sketching Course is given without extra charge.

Fees are paid by instalments, and there are no binding clauses. Pupils may cease at any time, without completing lessons or fees, at their entire option.

TWO NEW ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUSES POST-FREE

Send a postcard for them today. If you care to send an original sketch, or a copy of this Crimea Native Lancer, I will send you a helpful opinion as well as both Prospectuses, quite free.

Address me personally: PERCY V. BRADSHAW, Principal,

PRESS ART SCHOOL
(Dept. R.M. 1),
37 Dacres Rd., Forest Hill, S.E. (L.H.)

Digitized by Google

GIVES NEW STRENGTH TO THE WEAK

Doubles Endurance, Makes Nerves Steady and Strong, Repairs Tissue Waste, and Restores Vim, Vigour, and Vitality.

Wonderful Bitro-Phosphate.

"Quite a small paragraph in a newspaper first drew my attention to Bitro-Phosphate. I was weak, run-down, nervous and depressed. I could not sleep, and I suffered agony with neuralgia. Medicines I had tried in vain, but Bitro-Phosphate soon put me right. In less than a week after commencing its use I was sleeping better. I had an appetite for my meals, and I felt much stronger and brighter. To-day I am strong and well—able to enjoy life to the full after being practically an invalid for years. Are you surprised that I am constantly telling my friends of what Bitro-Phosphate has done for me?"

Thus writes a lady on the wrong side of 50 who had consulted doctors and undergone hospital treatment in vain.

Then there is the evidence of a soldier—a dashing dragoon who, after many weary months of fighting beyond the sea, returned home a nerve-shattered wreck of his former self. Read what he says:

"I am now taking Bitro-Phosphate and can honestly say that I feel like a new man. My nerves are getting stronger, I sleep better, and eat just as I used to do."

The munition worker, run-down and weakened by long hours of trying work, also finds Bitro-Phosphate an ideal restorative. The written testimony of a skilled worker amongst high explosives amply proves this:

"I suffered from lack of sleep and was weak and run-down, but Bitro-Phosphate put new life into me. I now sleep much better, and have gained several pounds of good solid flesh."

Much evidence of a like nature might be given did space permit, but the above is sufficient to prove that as a restorative of strength, a creator of new energy, and a builder of healthy nervous tissue, Bitro-Phosphate is far more effective than any other method of treatment hitherto employed in the practice of medicine.

Bitro-Phosphate has been sought by students of medicine for many years. They were dissatisfied with the temporary results which drugs produced, and were convinced that if it were possible to obtain and concentrate a readily assimilable form of phosphate, the treatment of

Neurasthenia	**Nerve Weakness**
Failing Strength	**Loss of Weight**
Sleeplessness	**Depression**
Neuralgia	**Debility**

and innumerable kindred ailments would at once be simplified, for phosphate is the element which feeds and maintains the nerves, and is therefore the source of all strength.

To-day, the theories of the past are accomplished facts, and Bitro-Phosphate—phosphate in a concentrated and readily assimilable form—is being supplied by chemists everywhere.

Many people who were weak, nervous and run-down, have already proved the remarkable value of Bitro-Phosphate, but there may still be some who are doubtful as to the nature of a product which effects such seeming miracles. All such doubt can at once be put aside, for Bitro-Phosphate is not a secret nostrum or a harmful drug. It is a pure nerve food, put up in the form of convenient compressed tablets. It nourishes the nerves, and as they become strong so the health of the body improves as a natural consequence.

A more opportune moment for the introduction of Bitro-Phosphate could not possibly have been chosen, for just now all need greater strength, more energy, steadier nerves, and Bitro-Phosphate is the one preparation capable of accomplishing these results with safety and certainty.

Get a supply of Bitro-Phosphate tablets from your chemist to-day—a 2/6 flask contains sufficient for a fortnight's treatment. Take one tablet immediately after every meal, and you will soon have evidence that they are doing you good. You will sleep better and wake up refreshed. Your nerves will cease troubling you and you will feel stronger and better in every way. These results are assured, for every package contains a guarantee which enables you to reclaim the amount paid should you be dissatisfied with the benefit you derive from the use of Bitro-Phosphate.

Bitro-Phosphate

The Wonderful Restorative of Nervous Force & Energy

Can now be obtained in 5-gr. tablets as recommended, from:

Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co. Ltd., Timothy White & Co., Henry Hodder & Co. Ltd., Lewis & Burrows, Parke's Drug Stores, and other high-class chemists everywhere.

PRICE 2/6 PER PACKAGE CONTAINING TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT.

Digitized by Google

should he do? If he shouted Chilcot would certainly hear, come out of his room, and run right into Sarne's clutches.

Holding on to the table, he hopped forward on one leg. If he could only get so far as the passage he might perhaps be able to attract Sarne's attention, startle him, and bring him back.

Before he had gone two steps the silence was broken by the report of a pistol. There was a sharp cry, a hoarse oath, then the sound of a furious struggle. Next instant two men, locked in one another's arms, came reeling back through the open door into the kitchen.

Both together they came full against the table and fell across it. The weight was too much for the table. With a splintering crash it collapsed, and they and it came to the floor together with a force that shook the house and brought plates and dishes rattling from their places on the dresser.

Deprived of his support, Fleming clutched at a chair and saved himself from going down in the general wreck. Frantically he fumbled for matches. There was not light enough to see which was which of the men on the floor, and he dared not use his stick for fear of hitting the wrong one. He found his box, but before he could strike a match a light shone upon the scene, and Chilcot himself, candle in one hand, a double-barrelled gun in the other, came rushing in.

"What's up?" he demanded. "What's up?" Then as he saw Fleming, "You, Martin!" he gasped in utter amazement.

"The light!" cried Fleming, ignoring his question. "Hold the light."

He spun round on one leg, lifting his stick above the two struggling forms.

"Help!" came a voice hoarse and faint. "He's choking me."

Fleming caught a glimpse of a bullet head thick with close black curls, two gleaming eyes, and a yellow face demoniac in its fury. He struck, and as the heavy knob thudded on the upraised head the mulatto collapsed, and dropped limply on top of his victim.

Chilcot laid his candle on the dresser, seized Sarne with both hands, and dragged him off the man beneath.

"Good heavens!" he gasped as the light fell on the latter's battered, blood-stained face. "Good heavens, it's Buckner!"

Buckner it was, though how he came there they could not tell, and he himself was in no position to give any information. His eyes were closed, his huge frame lay limp as that of Sarne himself. There was good reason, too, as they soon found. He had been shot through the left shoulder, and blood was pouring from the wound.

Eve came hurrying down, and for the next half-hour she and her father had their work cut out for them. Chilcot tied Sarne, and left him to recover consciousness. Then he and his daughter dressed Buckner's wound, and managed to stop the bleeding. Fleming meanwhile contrived to bandage his ankle, so that he could at any rate stand.

Then when they had at last a moment's breathing space both at once began to question Fleming.

He told them quickly all that had happened, and how he had felt sure that it was Chilcot himself who had been fired at by Sarne, then caught in his grip.

"But didn't you see anything of Buckner—before I mean?" asked Chilcot.

"Not a thing. I got as big a surprise as you did."

"Then what brought him here?" demanded Chilcot. "He must have been in the house first of all."

"Looks like it," admitted Fleming.

"Wait a minute," said Eve quickly, and without another word darted off out of the room.

She was back in less than a minute.

"Well?" asked her father anxiously.

Instead of answering, the girl knelt down beside Buckner, who was still insensible, and slipped her hand into the inside pocket of his tunic.

Next moment she drew out a pocket-book and held it up.

"Do you recognise this, father?"

"Why—why, it's mine!" exclaimed Chilcot, almost snatching it. "It's mine, with the notes in it."

"Then I think that explains everything," answered Eve quietly. "Your desk was broken open."

They never got a word out of Buckner. The stubborn north-countryman preferred to take his chance of a trial, was convicted of breaking and entering, and got off cheaply with six months' imprisonment.

But that Eve was right there can be little doubt. Buckner, taking advantage of the panic caused by Red Peter's appearance, had deliberately gone to work to steal the notes, either merely out of revenge, or else hoping thereby to delay his rival's wedding. It was the chance that the mulatto had chosen the same hour to break into the Chilcots' house that had upset his plans.

As for Sarne, it is hardly likely that the savage ruffian will ever again be in a position to satisfy his vengeful instincts. For ten years to come he will live and labour inside the walls outside which his last exploits caused such horror.

Digitized by Google

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Wooing Words and Heartfelt Gratitude.

CHRISTMAS IN JULY.

No, I am not referring to July, 1917, or predicting that Christmas Day will suffer the fate of recent Bank Holidays, and be postponed for seven months. I am merely alluding to the fact that an editor leads, as it were, a double life—not in a reprehensible sense, for editors are a law-abiding race—but in the sense of taking thought for December while July is still attempting to masquerade as summer.

Outside, the sun—recalled temporarily to a sense of its duty—is shining brightly, while on my desk, side by side with pictures of bathing nymphs, lie Christmas stories sent in by wise men who do not harbour the illusion that a story is bought one day and appears in print the next.

From July till late October we are submerged in a sea of snow, plum pudding, and Christmas games, coming to the surface at intervals to speed lesser Numbers on their appointed way. During this time we accumulate, as it were, munitions of war ready for the "big push," the fruits of which you enjoy in the December Number.

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

On page 458 Miss Gladys Cooper appeals for the Fresh Air Fund, which, as most of you know, sends poor children into the country for a day at the small cost of a shilling each. The shillings have been rolling in merrily, but we are counting on more. You won't disappoint us, will you?

I acknowledge with thanks from Miss Gladys Cooper and myself, the following amounts:

Amounts previously acknowledged £62 11s. 7d.

M. Llewelyn, £10; 10s.; W. Oppenheim, £5; Miss E. Finch, 15s. 6d.; F. M. D., 2s.; W. B. Chaplin, 12s. 6d.; M. I. T., 5s.; Thimonnier Frères, 2s. 6d.; Miss Bennett, 5s.; Miss Broadwell, 5s.; Mrs. G. Tranch, 10s.; A. A., 5s.; Miss Macey, 5s.; Mrs. H. Tozer, 12s. 6d.; K. and E. Edwards, 5s.; E. G. Bostock, 12s. 6d.; Miss Findlay, 2s.; E. G. Soldier, 1s.; C. M. Bird, 5s.; W. A. L., 5s.; Nemo, 2s. 6d.; G. A. Thirwell, 15s. 6d.; C. B. R., 15s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Goldsmith, £1 1s.; Capt. P. Harrison, £10; Anon., £4 5s.; "M. 25," 10s.; Sergt.-Major S. S. [illegible], 12s. 6d.; I. L. Vasey, 15s. 6d.; M. & J. Allerston, 17s. 6d.; Account Staff, H.M.S. *King George*, 11s.; the Misses Norbury, £1 5s.; S. J. B., 1s.; Anon., 12s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; B. L. Milne, 5s.; Miss L. Wynyngham, 1s.; W. C. Green, £1 5s.; A. H., 5s.; Mrs. Webb, 5s.; Miss C. Chadwick, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. N. Bird, 12s. 6d.; H. G. Bone, 1s.; R. B., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Griffiths, 2s.; C. Davies, 10s.; Miss Olney, 12s. 6d.; A Well Wisher, 10s.; G. Fowden, 12s. 6d.; M. A. N., 2s. 6d.; Marleen, 5s.; Mrs. and Miss Hawkins, 4s.; R. B. Webb, 12s. 6d.; H. Loffler, 2s.; Anon., 2s.; G. W., 5s.; C. W. Foord, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Cooper, 12s.; F. Bertram-Key, 12s. 6d.; N. R. Bishop, 10s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; M. Liddle, 3s.; C. A. S., 2s.; Anon., 6d.; E. V., 2s.; J. T., £1 5s.; per Gladys Cooper, 2s. 6d.; Mine 19, H.M.S. *Yarmouth*, 7s. 6d.; E. Nicholson, 1s.; Mrs. Cuthbertson, £2 10s.; R. Van Weede, 2s.; Miss Oldfield, 12s. 6d.; Miss Stevenson, 7s. 6d.; G. Lovell, £1 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; P. Nearne, 12s. 6d.; A. Knight, 2s.; J. S. Finn and Friends, £1 17s. 6d.; A. H. Gillen, £1; Miss Ritson, 10s.; P. Harrington, 1s. 6d.; M. Ellerton, 1s.; Glenfarg, 2s.; Anon., 1s.; Sergt. R. Hibberd, 7s.; Mrs. Gretchen, 2s.; per Gladys Cooper, 4s.; Lieut. E. Bastet, £1; Miss J. Rees-Mogg, 2s.; H. W. Matthew, 12s. 6d.; G. B. Boise, 12s. 6d.; M. S. Hickman, 4s.; A. Taylor, 1s.; Miss Mackrell, 5s.; Mrs. Lynch, 5s.; A. J. Hide, 10s.; Capt. G. A. Harvey, £5 5s.; Mrs. Bullock, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. Wilson, 12s. 6d.; W. Mattinson, 2s.; E. G. Clark, £10; Lieut. R. S. Bourdon, £5; Anon., 5s.; P. Walker, 10s. 6d.; Lieut. W. Littlejohn, £1 5s.; R. H. C., 12s. 6d.; Miss Reeve, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; R. H. Wilkins, 10s.; Mrs Deane, 12s. 6d.; W. G., Miss Strood, 12s. 6d.; Miss A. Hall, 5s.; Miss E. Walker, 5s.; M. McNeill, 1s.; L. V. Miller, 2s.; H. D. Law, £1 5s.; H. Kaufmann, 12s. 6d.; F. A. W., 5s.; Anon., 12s. 6d.; Miss Cormack, Amesse, 4s.; Tommies Absolute, 15s.; Capt. C. R. Macnamara, £50; Mrs. McAllister, 5s.; E. B., 1s.; Miss Clarke, 2s. 6d.; W. Gillespy, 12s. 6d.; A. Gale, 1s.; Rosalie, 5s.; In Loving Remembrance, 12s. 6d.; Miss Elmes, 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. Dutline and Mr. Morris, 5s.; Queenie Grute, 1s.; Miss N. Mosley, 12s. 6d.; F. M. N., 5s.; J. Donald, 1s.; Mrs. Dallas, 10s.; Lieut. J. J. Clarke, £5; Mrs. R. B. Mann, £1 1s.; J. G. K., 1s.; Mrs. Lomax, 12s. 6d.; Miss E. Worth, 12s. 6d.; Capt. G. Walker, £1 5s.; G. Fowden, 12s. 6d.; J. and M. Anderson, 5s.; M. G., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Miss S. Carrie, 5s.; Major R. Haines, 12s. 6d.; Two War-workers, 2s.; W. West, 1s.; C. R. W. Simmons, 5s.; Miss Foster, 1s.; Derrys Allen, 7s. 6d.; Lover of Children, 3s.; E. McIntosh, 5s.; A. Wellwasher, 5s.; Miss G. Cooper, 1s.; G. H. Doe, £1; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Morris Field, £5; Miss Chorley, 5s.; M. H., 1s.; A Wellwasher, 1s.; Miss M. Berry, 2s.; Proceeds on Grand Revue on H.M.S. *Neptune*, £9 5s. 6d.; T. A., 1s.; F. B. M'Kenzie, £2; Anon., 1s.; R. M. Cook, £1 1s.; Lieut. F. G. Davis, £1 1s.; Miss Lewis, 1s.; A. and C. Fraser, 2s.; J. Moreland, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. McLaren, 2s.; D. Allen, 2s.; F. R. Porter, 12s. 6d.

COLLECTED: Guildford Institute, per E. Ellis, 12s.

Grand (Royal) Total, £237 10s. 9d.

"IN THE HANDS OF THE SENOUSSI"

is a book that everyone should read, being a first-hand account of the captivity and rescue of the crew of H.M.S. *Tara*, torpedoed by a German submarine in the vicinity of the Gulf of Sollum on Guy Fawkes Day, 1915. The graphic story of the sufferings and adventures of this band of heroes who were held prisoners in the Libyan Desert by the Senoussi, holds you from start to finish. The book costs only a shilling at any bookstall, or can be obtained direct from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., for 1s. 3d., post free

Digitized by Google